MAYFAIR

£1.95 **PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND** **VOLUME 27 NUMBER 13**

BIGGER THAN EVER!

THE WORLD'S BEST MEN'S MAGAZINE

BEWARE OF INFERIOR OVERPRICED IMITATIONS

JO'S JUGS HAVE GROWN TO 60 INCHES!

GET TO GRIPS ON PAGE 54

TOP BOTTOMS!

16 WOMEN SHOW AND TELL

GIRLS WHO ARE DESPERATE FOR SEX CONFESS TO QUEST

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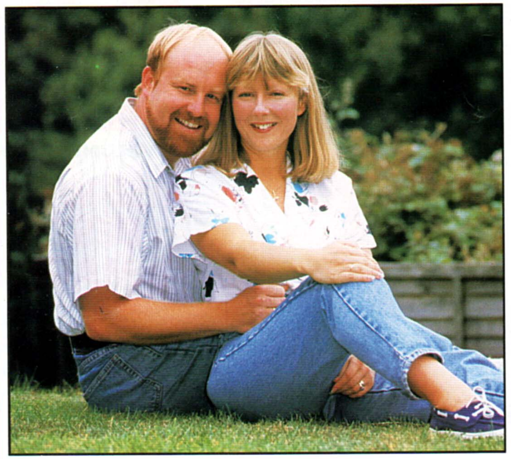


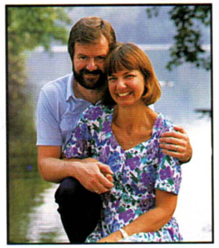
"He allows me to be myself"

Philip, a chartered surveyor from Wales, felt that relationships through work were not a good idea, but how else could he meet someone? Lindsay, a systems analyst, agreed, and after yet another Christmas on her own decided to do something about it by joining Dateline. Philip had been a member for some months before meeting Lindsay, but he was the first man she met. From the beginning it was very obvious how comfortable they were together and how much they had in common. "Initially it struck me how much of a friend Philip was – the most marvellous thing about him is how he allows me to be myself." Eventually it became obvious that they wanted to get married and as Lindsay says "We fit so well together – I mean after only 3 months I was planning to buy my wedding shoes in the sales and he hadn't even asked me then! I was going to give him a few more months then if he hadn't asked me I was going to ask him." She didn't have to, and they were married last July.

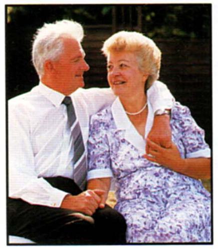
"Something made me think I wanted him there and then."

Marjorie lived almost on Richard's doorstep and when she saw him so smiling and with his lovely silver-white hair, she says "I just felt I couldn't let him go." "I wouldn't admit it to myself for a long time," says Richard, "but it was definitely a fairytale story of love at first sight. I more or less made up my mind that she was the one for me and I decided to go all out to try and win her."

Dateline



"A friend of mine said she was going to join Dateline and I remember thinking 'Oh she's ever so brave, if only I could do that!"



Finding happiness for people of all ages all over the country

Margaret's life had revolved around her son and she had been on her own for many years. Margaret finally plucked up enough courage to join and after meeting quite a few people finally wrote to Bill. Bill was concerned that as Margaret was from London "she might be very sophisticated, a bit hard and insincere," but he liked her letter very much and her, in person, even more. "I thought she was very nice, very pretty and very caring, totally different from what I expected." They met in January and were engaged by April, but as Bill says "Join Dateline – just look at us! Dateline matches you with the type of person you're looking for. If you meet people through the more usual ways you may be physically attracted but you may have nothing in common. This way there is so much we can share and we have the attraction as well."

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Your age yrs.

Age you would like to meet min. max (BLOCK CAPITALS)

First Name ....

Surname ....

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Religion ....

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TELEPHONE: 071 734 9191
2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE
PRINTED IN BRITAIN

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CELINE

CHARLOTTE

MIRREL

Publisher: Paul Raymond. **Editor:** Stephen Bleach. **Deputy Editor:** Robert Swift. **Production Editor:** Richard Guy. **Sub-Editors:** Lee Lestat, Max Vinall. **Art Director:** Ian Midson. **Deputy Art Director:** Rod Edwards. **Advertising Director:** James Macleod. **Chief Executive and Legal Advisor:** Carl Snitcher. Published every four weeks by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, W1V 7HE, England. Tel: 071 734 9191. Colour by Technik, Berkhamsted, Herts. Printed by The Artisan Press Ltd, Beaumont Leys, Leicester.

Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to any person living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent entirely at the owner's risk and, while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, not its agents, accept liability for loss or damage.

Distribution: COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE. Tel. West Drayton 4405. Subscriptions: Alan Wells International, Memberline House, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leics LE16 NR2, England.

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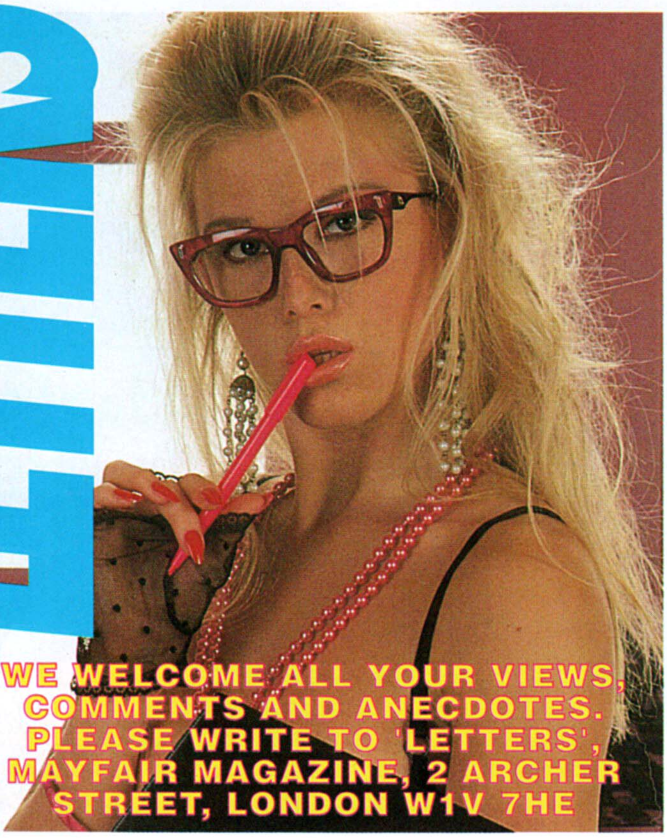
LETTERS



WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

CHARMING CHARMAINE

It was wonderful to see you feature such a full-figured fantasy in the fantastic shape of Charmaine in your last issue.

Lovely smooth skin, dark, dusky looks, wicked eat-you-alive eyes and all capped off with the sort of boobs that would keep you dry in the rain! Where did you find her? In a Bounty advert?

I keep imagining myself getting washed up on that desert island, only to wake up in her arms and to see that sensuous smile which would bring at least one part of me back to life!

I'd be here all day telling you what we'd get up to — suffice it to say I'd tell any rescue party to bugger off back to where they came from. Unless of course it consisted of Tracey, Debbie and Sarah from the same issue!

Phew! After all that I'm off to buy a bottle of Malibu and book my holiday. Keep up the good work! — Jack, Haywards Heath

DAY STRIPPER

Your cartoons on strip-a-gram girls (*Mayfair* Vol 27 No 11) certainly struck a chord with me. I've been working for a kiss-o-gram agency for five years, and if anything the drawings by Anthony were an understatement!

I've done routines at race course dinners where all the jockeys have whipped their dicks out on the table — and believe me, not everything about those guys is small! I've had a loveable old grandpa try to get into my knickers when I was sitting on his lap feeding him his Christmas pud. And my naughty nurse routine once caused havoc in a hospital.

I was visiting a man just prior to his operation and was meant to be the nurse giving him the anaesthetic. I told him that I had to see the affected area before I gave him his jab, and he turned over and flashed his arse at me. It turned out he was being operated on for piles! So I gave it a smack then slowly started to strip off my uniform.

As my black bra, panties and stockings came into view, his willy was turning his blankets into a tent. Then, when I popped out my boobs and pushed his face between them, he was delirious! It was at that point that the real nurse walked in! She looked at me rather dubiously, then said, "Time for your injection, Mr Smith! It's just a little prick." Then she went as red as a beetroot when she saw his huge erection!

"Nurse! Look what you've done!" she giggled. "You've woken him up instead of putting him to sleep!" I laughed and sent him off with a kiss. God knows how long his stiffy lasted, but it would have been difficult to roll him over in his that state.

I'm looking forward to Christmas and New Year, our busiest time. I'll let you know what happens. — Suzy, South London

THE LUST TRAIN

As a female reader may I congratulate you on your advice on how to avoid gropers on the Underground in *Mayfair* Vol 27 No 11. Whilst I appreciate that it was meant in jest, it contained a few grains of genuine good advice. No girl likes to be grabbed on the tube, but there are much more successful ways to seduce women on public transport.

I met my current boyfriend on the last train back to Sevenoaks after a night in town with some girls from the office. The train was packed with pre-Christmas party-goers including this guy (I shall call him John) who, like me, had obviously had a few.

"Make sure I get off at Hither Green," might not be the sexiest chat-up line in the world, but it did the trick. We started talking and I began to realise that behind the smell of whisky and French cigarettes there was quite a decent bloke. He didn't come on strong at all but I felt his firm thigh against mine and I was beginning to have naughty thoughts.

I was the one making most of the conversation, but when his lips got close to mine I began to feel that delicious warm, damp sensation in my knickers. But every time I tried to move things on, John didn't seem interested. I even put my hand on his thigh, but even that didn't seem to provoke a response. This just tantalised me more. Like a lot of girls, I find the blokes that don't lust after me more attractive.

As Hither Green station approached, I realised that I would have to act quickly. So I leaned over, told him it was his station and gave him a goodnight kiss. For the first time, he looked genuinely turned on. Unfortunately being pissed, he got all flustered about getting out of the train. He did however give me his business card. Not exactly romantic, especially as

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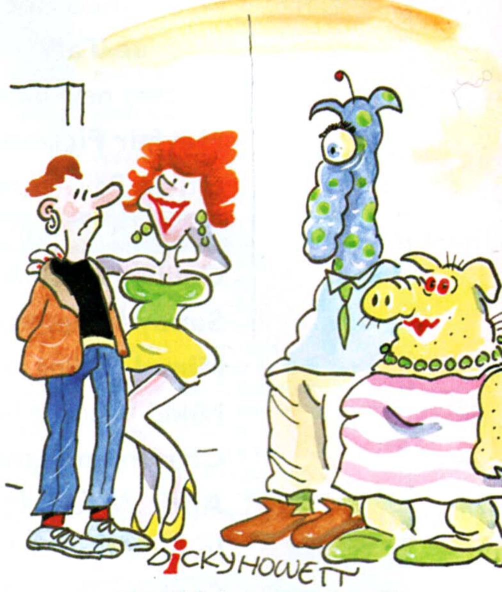


Oh, didn't I mention the family curse..?

THE BOTTOM

Women reveal their fundamental feelings

Some months ago *Mayfair* focussed on the pussy; 18 women revealed their most intimate thoughts on their most intimate part. The response, from both women and men, was enormous, and many of you requested similar features on other parts of the body. Hence our second investigation of female thoughts on the female form – this time focusing on a woman's most cosmetically sensitive area, her bottom.

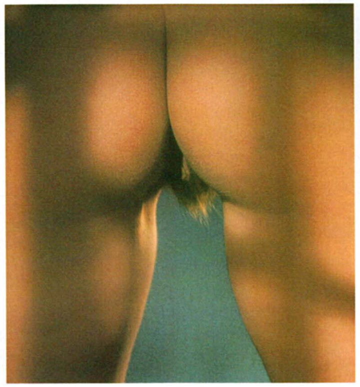
For bottoms are hard to hide. A girl who wants a bigger bust might wear a padded bra; one who feels her breasts are too large can wear baggy tops; and a girl's pussy will only be scrutinised by the chosen few. But the size and shape of a female bottom is nearly always visible – especially so with the present fashion for figure-hugging fabrics and lycra leggings.

What came over at our interview sessions was a strange mixture of enjoyment and dissatisfaction. Women, it seems, have a strange love-hate relationship with their bottoms: they love how they feel, but are never quite satisfied with how they look. Many of our sample would happily tell us how much enjoyment their bottoms gave them, how they loved to have them admired, stroked and petted, yet in the next breath would complain that something was not quite right – they were too large or too small, too muscley or too wobbly.

Our sample of 16 women from all walks of life were photographed and interviewed in the strictest confidence, their anonymity guaranteed, and were therefore prepared to be more honest than ever before about this intimate subject. Their comments are listed below.

Tabatha, 20, student.
"I've never really been happy with it. The shape's OK, but it I think it could do with being a bit smaller."

Joy, 35, hotel manageress.
"To tell the truth I don't give my bottom a second thought, which is more than can be said for my boss!"



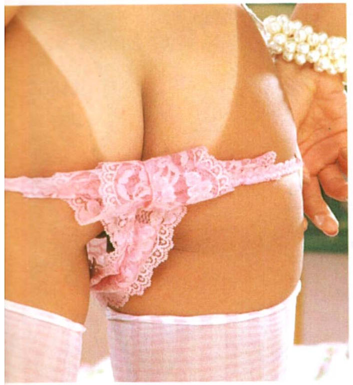
Jane, 19, receptionist.
"If you think it looks good now you should see it in the summer — tanned and smooth. I quite fancy it myself!"

Kathleen, 24, model.
"Obviously, it's important I keep my whole body trim, but that goes double for my bum. Do you think it's paid off?"

Rachel, 29, singer.
"I always have to look my best, but try telling that to my bum! It really is the hardest bit to get right."

Sandra, 18, beautician.
"All the women I work on want to look pretty, but so many wish they could have smaller bums, too. Still, I like mine!"

Cathy, 28, counsellor.
"Well, I wish someone could advise me for a change! My husband says it looks great (he's always slapping it!), but it could be a bit smaller."



Jacqui, 25, reporter.
"I like mine! So does my boyfriend — he spanks it enough in bed!"

Paula, 24, secretary.
"It's my best feature and I'm really proud of it. I like wearing the tightest skirts to show it off, too."

Louise, 25, unemployed.
"I always look after myself, especially my bum. It must pay off — I get it pinched all the time..."

Julie, 18, traffic warden.
"If only I could tell the fat on my bum it couldn't park there I'd be a happier woman!"

Zoe, 21, salesgirl.
"I'm a bit ashamed of mine really. I know I should take care of myself more, but I don't. It doesn't look too bad, does it?"

Lizzie, 30, librarian.
"Luckily, no-one sees much more than my face at work. But I'd die for a smaller bum!"

Kate, 22, athlete.
"If anything it's a bit muscley. It's too firm really, and I would like it to be a bit smaller."

Brenda, 27, computer programmer.
"If I could press 'delete' and halve the size of my bottom I'd be happy! But no, it's not my worst feature."

Linda, 31, designer.
"Well, I love mine, and so does my boyfriend. You should see some of the things he's bought me to show it off!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Quest section — and I was recently lucky enough to see this particular fantasy of mine become a raunchy reality.

Andrea and Bernadette are two very sexy girls who work in the same office as me. They're both 19-year-olds and they both have similar figures too: large breasts, small waists, curvy bums and long legs. The only difference is that Andrea is a redhead, and Bernadette a blonde.

They always eat together at lunch, arrive for work at the same time in the morning and leave together at night so I had always assumed that they were flatmates, or at the very least close friends. Then last week I discovered the truth.

It had been a very busy week, and I'd found myself working until nine o'clock one night. As I locked my office and got ready to leave, I passed Andrea's office and heard low moaning noises coming from inside. Curiosity got the better of me, and I couldn't stop myself from peeking my head around the door. I could hardly believe the sight that greeted me.

Andrea was lying back across her desk with her legs spread wide and Bernadette was kneeling before her, holding open her pussy lips and darting her wet tongue inside her ginger snatch. Andrea's long, red hair was plastered all over her face as she threw her head around in ecstasy, low cries of delight coming from her lips. I was just about to shut the door and walk away, when Andrea opened her eyes and saw me. "Well, well, well," she said teasingly, "it looks like we've got company, Bernie." Bernadette turned around and I could see her red lips glistening with Andrea's sticky juices.

"Well don't just stand there, Pete," said Bernadette, with a wicked smile. "Come in and make yourself at home. Andrea's a hard woman to satisfy and I need all the help I can get!" I hesitated for a second, before Bernadette walked towards me and led me by the hand into the room and locked the door. "Here, sit down," she purred, offering me a chair. "Just sit and watch us for a while. Don't worry, you'll get your turn in a minute."

Then Bernadette walked back towards Andrea and started running her hands through her hair. As they gazed into each other's eyes, their lips met and they began kissing passionately. I could see Andrea's nipples protruding through her thin blouse as Bernadette began to undo her buttons. Andrea smiled at me as her

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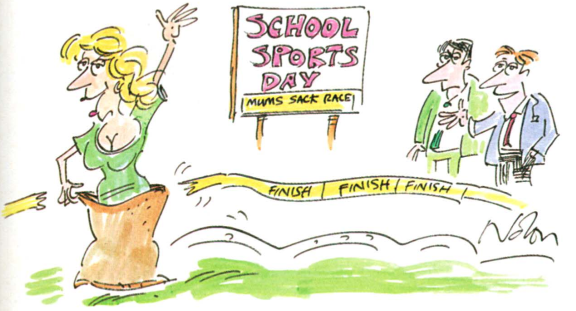


This confirms what everyone says about your wife, Bob... She's great in the sack!

LIFE SENTENCE

Everything is big in Texas: the tequilas, the girls, and the hangovers — not to mention the shock our regular barfly ***Charlie Munro*** *had when he met a disgraceful bird called Swan...*

TEXAN SCREAM

"You look like fun," came the sultry voice. I looked down, as I was standing on a table at the time, writing my name on the ceiling.

Standing there in a tight-fitting, white dress was the most stunning lady I had ever seen. She was tall, blonde and beautiful all over.

"It comes naturally," I replied, repressing the sudden urge to propose marriage.

"Wanna show me?" she asked seductively.

I wanted to show her everything. I finished my autograph with a flourish and took a death-defying leap from the table.

The scene was the Cadillac Bar in Houston, Texas, legendary for its own particular brand of tequila-inspired craziness. What else would induce me to sign the ceiling?

"Charlie Munro," I announced, extending a hand.

"Robyn Swan," she said, smiling the sexiest smile I'd ever seen and shaking my hand with the softest hand I had ever felt.

"Would you like to dance?" I asked her. It seemed like a good place to start. Besides, I would get to touch more than her hand.

"Love to," she purred in pure Texan.

I took her hand and escorted her to the dance area between the tables, embraced her and started to dance to the Tex-Mex band. Robyn clung to me as tightly as her dress clung to her shapely form.

If vodka is the stuff of revolution, then tequila is that of lunacy. My choreography that night bore full testimony to this observation.

"I wanna fuck you," she said.

"Sorry..?" I said, not sure if I had heard her correctly.

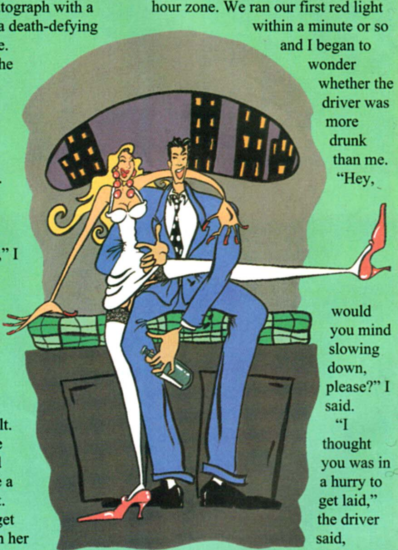
"I wanna fuck you," she repeated.

"I'll get my bill," I said, realising that I had struck gold.

Minutes later, I was sitting in the back seat of a cab, my beautiful blonde by my side, speeding away from the bar. I opened the window and closed my eyes, allowing the fresh air to swirl around my head. It was a good thing I had met Robyn when I had, otherwise I'd have been too far gone to raise more than a smile once we hit her place. "I can't wait to get you home," she whispered in my ear, curling a long leg over my crotch.

The driver floored it and we were soon doing sixty along wide boulevards in a thirty five miles an hour zone. We ran our first red light within a minute or so and I began to wonder whether the driver was more drunk than me. "Hey, would you mind slowing down, please?" I said.

"I thought you was in a hurry to get laid," the driver said, unashamedly.



"Laid, yes. Killed, no," I replied.

Robyn's skirt had ridden way up her long, gleaming thighs and her tongue was wedged in my ear. I hate that. But was I about to complain? No. I just leant across and kissed her passionately on the lips, while my hand lay flat against her leg.

We pulled up sharply outside a large luxury apartment block. I paid the driver who screeched off, saying, "That one's a man eater. I hope you make it out in one piece!"

A porter let us in and we headed for the elevators. The elevator doors slid shut and she was all over me, tearing at my clothing, pinning me to the wall with one of those long legs again.

By the time we arrived on the 37th floor, I was half-dressed and Robyn's skirt was up around her waist. We made it to her apartment and went inside. I looked around and saw a living room the size of a football pitch. Beyond was an incredible vista of downtown Houston by night.

GLEAMING THIGHS

Robyn hurried me into her gigantic bedroom where she ripped off the remainder of her clothes, revealing a body to launch a thousand erections.

We went at one another like demons possessed, taking the occasional break to get our breath back. One strange thing I noticed throughout was that the mattress rose considerably on one side of the bed. When I asked her about this, she just said, "Fuck me!"

Feeling totally dehydrated, I announced that I was off to get some water. It took me a while to locate the darkened kitchen where I found a fridge the size of a phone booth. I opened it, blinding myself with the sudden exposure to light, and removed two large bottles of mineral water. I closed the fridge door and left by what I thought was the door through which I had entered, allowing it to 'click' shut behind me.

And that was probably one of the greatest miscalculations I have ever made. I found myself out in the corridor. I had just let myself out of the apartment through the back door.

I tried the door but it had locked itself behind me. I looked around. The place was deserted. I rang the bell and waited, instinctively clutching the two bottles of mineral water to my crotch.

Nothing. I figured Robyn must've fallen into a deep sleep. This was ridiculous. I ran the few yards along the corridor to the main door of the apartment and leant on that bell too. But still no Robyn. What the hell was I supposed to do?

I spun around at the sound of the elevator doors opening. To my great relief, it was a security guard. "Hi," I said, covering my modesty with the two bottles. "I wonder if you can help me. I've locked myself out."

He eyed me curiously before asking, "Why are you naked?"

"Because I... I am a houseguest and went to the kitchen for some water and locked myself out."

"Whose houseguest?" he asked.

"Why, er, Robyn's," I said. "You know, the lady who lives here."

"Mrs Swan?" he asked.

"Mrs?" I asked, then paused. "Is there a Mr Swan?"

"Sure is," he returned.

"I see. Well, will you kindly let me back in? I'd appreciate it," I said.

He said nothing for a while. I suppose he was thinking, weighing things up. He wasn't the only one.

"Okay," he said finally, and produced a master key from his pocket. He calmly opened the main door of the apartment and said, "Have a nice night, sir."

"I'm very grateful," I said.

I hurried through the apartment and back into Robyn's dimly-lit bedroom. As I stepped inside, I could see that she was in the same position in which I had left her. I approached the bed and placed one bottle on the bedside table. Something wasn't quite right here. Time to replenish my lost liquids and leave.

I opened the bottle in my hand with a soft 'fizz', at which Robyn suddenly sat bolt upright, opened her eyes wide, and screamed.

In my shock, I dropped the bottle and moved towards her to identify myself. But no, she would have none of it and screamed "Murder!", "Rape!", "Police!" in quick and alarming succession.

She reached for the phone but I snatched it up and pulled the whole thing away from the wall socket.

I fleetingly imagined five huge security guards bursting in, guns drawn, to find a crazed naked man, standing above a helpless lady in bed, flailing a disconnected telephone.

Her screams became louder. What was it with this woman? Had the tequila turned her into a schizoid? Had she forgotten our tender, if rather active, time together just a little while earlier? Had she gone mad?

WHITE BRA AND PANTIES

Suddenly a third voice broke across the babble. A muffled male boom. "What's happening? Lemme out!"

The schizoid blonde jumped off the bed and bent down. Then, with all her strength, she slid open a long drawer under the mattress.

What I saw made my mouth go dry. Lying there, face up and naked except for a white bra and panties, was the biggest man I'd ever seen. He had a chest the width of a door, and a gun the size of his dick! Big! Open mouthed, I watched him sit upright, glaring at me and waving his gun. Mister Swan. I should've known that swans always live in pairs.

Still open-mouthed I broke for the door, gathering my clothes as I ran.

As I fled I tried to rate my chances of survival. What kind of guy, I argued positively, would chase a naked man out of an apartment block while wearing his wife's underwear?

Yep! The sort of guy who squeezes into a drawer beneath his wife's bed to jerk off while she screws strangers! So I kept on running — faster!

I suppose, if I learnt anything during my stay in Texas, it was 'beware of a white bird that flies by night' — especially if she's married to a brick shithouse in a bra. Ⓜ

STUFF

You'll never get through the New Year without...

Buying the very affordable *TV-470* pocket television (£99.99); ideal for viewing daytime telly and thanking your lucky stars you've got something better to do during the day than watch Richard and fucking Judy.

Getting your fingers on the Casio *BP-100*,

(£113.99) the world's first watch with a blood pressure monitor. Not only will it warn you when you've had all your heart can take of *Mayfair* centrefold girls, it measures your pulse too. Whatever next — a watch that tells the time?

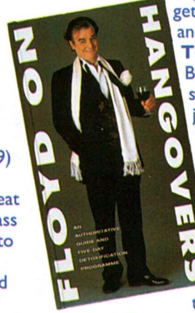
Watching re-runs of *The Prisoner* and being so confused that you have to buy *The Prisoner — The Video Companion* (ITC). Just £10.99 gets you the answers to questions like: Who is Number One? Whose side is everyone on? And how can a man who spent the 1960s being chased around a beach by a pink balloon ever show his face in public again?

Starring Patrick McGoohan
the Prisoner
VIDEO COMPANION
ITC

Getting your girlfriend to wear a John Richmond bondage frock down to the pub just to watch a hundred jaws hit the floor. Alternatively get a front row seat for Richmond's next show!

HARD STUFF

If anyone should know about hangovers it's Keith Floyd. The celebrity chef looks permanently pissed and from the way he knocks back wine probably is. So who better to help you manage the morning after your New Year's party? *Floyd on Hangovers* (£7.99) lists a number of famous cures ranging from two meat pies with ketchup and a glass of Coke (the Aussie way) to the rather more refined Corpse Reviver. We would instantly reject the Sydney Sunrise on the grounds that it involves the use of a blender. Anyone who can tolerate the noise of one of those in the morning is not hungover!



Here though is our favourite Floyd recipe to get you fit for another session: **The Bullshot** Beef consomme, lemon juice, Worcester Sauce, horseradish, vodka, Tabasco, egg yolk. Mix everything except the egg in a jug then pour into a glass. Plop the egg in last - we recommend shutting your eyes when you do this! Swallow in one gulp. Gasp and wheeze for the rest of the day. Ⓜ

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

he turned out to be a car salesman!

But it gave me the excuse to ring him the next morning and find out if he got home okay. He was really pleased when I rang and he apologised for being pissed. I said I was pretty well gone too, but perhaps we could meet up sober for a change. He was rather surprised by my forwardness, but agreed.

The next meeting was very different and there were no last trains involved. He stayed at my place, but again it was it me taking the lead. After dinner, my hand slid onto his knee, then his thigh, then across to his balls. He smiled and rested his hand on my stockinged thigh, sliding it slowly up my skirt. We kissed. A short one first, on the lips, then they parted and our tongues slid inside, wrestling in the warm damp confines of our mouths. His hand finally moved towards my boobs, rubbing them through the silky fabric of my blouse before he undid it and slipped them out of my bra cups.

My nipples were full and red, and he caressed each of them with his tongue whilst I started undoing his shirt. Then I began undoing his belt and zip, and slid my hand into the warmth of his boxers. His cock was straining to get out and I soon manoeuvred it so it was resting on my thigh, stroking it like a puppy! By now my knickers were sodden and he slipped them off, leaving my skirt on as he slid his cock inside.

I love being fucked still half in my clothes, it makes it seem so spontaneous, and with my skirt up round my thighs, my boobs out and my blouse undone to the waist, he slid into my wet, juicy pussy. His stroke was long and slow, just as I had imagined on the train. And he kept it up for ages!

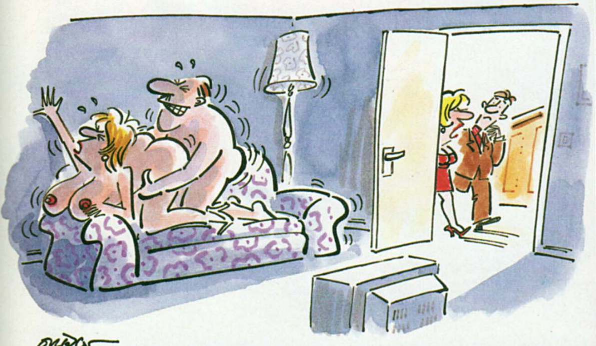
After a good hard fuck, followed by a slow sensuous one (in bed and in the nude this time), I asked him if he'd felt the same as I did on that train home. He said he had but being pissed didn't want me to think he was just another drunken lech. I appreciated that.

So guys, please don't grope girls on the train or tube. Be kind and considerate and let them make the running and you could end up in bed just a couple of days later. It worked with me! — Marianne, Kent

OFFICE ANTICS

As a regular reader of *Mayfair*, I know that many of your readers share fantasies involving threesomes — indeed it's something that has been explored in depth in your

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



How embarrassing — it sounds like Mummy and Daddy are waiting up for me!

MONEY MAYFAIR

*City correspondent **Alexander More** scrapes together a column of doom and boobs from what's left of the economy...*

BIRMINGHAM TITTY CENTRE

Britain's second city is taking the lead in a campaign to be the first in the country with legalised brothels. Brum, the knackered capital of the Midlands has plans to become 'European' by turning its hundreds of empty warehouses into whorehouses. Councillors reckon this will increase tourism to the area and get prostitutes off the streets of well known red light areas like Balsall Heath. But will the residents take it lying down? If council brothels are anything like council housing we can forsee a few problems.

1) There will be a ten year waiting list for a shag.

2) You will have to prove a genuine need by filling in numerous forms including a means test asking when you last had sex and for how long and why you stopped.

3) The majority of hookers will go to those with 'special needs' — rubber fetishists, toe-suckers and adult babies of single parents from overseas.

4) Whilst you wait ten years for a fuck, the 90-year-old man up the road gets a visiting sexual health worker coming to his house every day even though he's impotent. It's called 'Feels on Wheels'.

5) You will have to use official council wheelie condoms which will be emptied by disgruntled sin-men once a fortnight (if you're lucky) who drop dollops of come all over the front garden.

One good thing could come of it however. Perhaps that monstrous carbuncle halfway between Birmingham and Coventry could be converted into a giant day centre for guys who are extremely shy with women. It could be called the National Sex Inhibition Centre.

TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH

When you wish upon a star, it makes no difference — unless you have money. That's the conclusion we reached after a trip to Euro Disney where you need a lot more than Mickey Mouse money if you are not to starve to death. That's why we're nominating them for this month's meanness award — a gold-plated replica of the rump of Carol.

The rules of Euro Disney clearly state that you are not allowed to bring any food into the park, not even a sandwich. If you are caught munching on your own Marmite butties, the park rangers (who are dressed as chipmunks) will confiscate them. What's more if the lovable rodents find you re-offending they'll throw you out!

Why are Disney so keen to prevent you smuggling in snacks? Cos they want to force you to buy their food, which quite frankly is a rip-off! We sat down in the Silver Spur western-style saloon where we were about to tuck into roast beef when we noticed the cost was £45 per person!

Admittedly you got a free gunfight thrown in — presumably with the waiter when the bill came.

So instead we opted for "cheap" snacks like a can of Coke (£2), a burger (£5) and a hot dog (£6). Other Disney bargains include a carrier bag (£2), a Mickey Mouse pencil (£3), a hat with ears (£25) or film processing (£35).

Our advice is not to buy anything, to take your own sandwiches and crisps, and if a cheerful chipmunk tries to throw you out, kick him in the nuts!

DING DONG BELLES

If you're dying to find out if our two divesting investors, Kath and Jill, have made their million yet from the tenner we gave then all those months ago, we're sorry you'll just have to wait. The girls have been spending Christmas going crackers buying presents and not investing at all.

"Just as well with the stock market going up and down like a bridegroom's bum," said Katherine.

One sensible move they did make was getting out of sterling just prior to Black Wednesday.

"I was going to put all my money into Deutschmarks," said Jill. "Then I remembered how mean they were about the sunbeds on holiday last summer, so I opted for a Vietnamese currency called the dong instead. Yes, that's its real name. I had great fun going into the bank saying, 'I want to get my hands on some dong, please!' I nearly wet myself when they rang to tell me the dong had gone up!"

BOOZE: A THRESHER APPROACH

Liverpool is not the wealthiest of cities, and as well as their "natural sense of humour" Scousers have found another way to ease their way through another recession — booze! Liverpudlians are stealing it so regularly that off licenses are adopting security measures more similar to those of Fort knox.

The Threshers chain have started putting up security screens on the counters of Merseyside offices, though even those have not proved enough. A panel has to be opened to get the booze through and lovable scousers have been bringing their toddlers in, hurling them through the gap to steal booze and fags.

Recently Threshers opened a new branch in an old bank in the Liverpool area! Threshers reckoned that the bank's security systems were not adequate, however, and ordered that the walls were re-inforced with steel plates. Halfway through the work, a security chief from Threshers drove up to see how the work was progressing. The new steel walls would keep out the lager-loving Liverpudlians, he reckoned, and he could go home safe in the knowledge his Carlsberg Special was safe from stealing scousers. Except he couldn't go home. His Jaguar had been nicked!

MY FLATULENT CHANCELLOR

If you think Nigel Lawson was an arsehole full of hot air, then we have evidence to suggest you're right.

The man who Margaret Thatcher described as "my brilliant Chancellor", before replacing him with John Major (perhaps she was right the first time), was renowned for his appetite, and when he was at No 11 he had plenty of opportunity for travelling — and eating — abroad. One such outing was a trip to Mexico where he topped up his waistline with chilli and tortillas with re-fried beans, all heavily laced with Tabasco. Unfortunately, as one of his many crises loomed, he had to rush back to a meeting of ministers.

Mrs Thatcher and no less than seven cabinet members were present, as well as a dozing Denis in one corner. Lawson rose to speak. For several minutes he droned on about the ERM and hard ECU's whilst turmoil raged in his stomach. Then it happened. The Chancellor allegedly let out an almighty fart, loud enough to wake Denis and even raise the eyebrows of the unflappable PM.

Lawson's economic "report" was greeted with a chilli reception from his cabinet colleagues, and shortly after, Mad Mags had him replaced, opting for the safer sphincter of Johnny Major. Strangely, this incident doesn't appear in Lawson's memoirs. Can't think why. Ⓜ

MODERN MANNERS

*Fart the year as you mean to go on with etiquette expert **Lavinia Garden**...*

PARDON ME?

PB of Cambridge writes: *"My wife has enormous 40 inch tits which I'm dying to put my head between. Unfortunately, in recent years she has become a bit of a prude in bed and doesn't like any such frivolous activity. Can you suggest some excuses I could come up with to feel that smooth skin on my shell-likes again?"*

How about these for starters, PB? "God my ears are freezing! Have you got anything to keep them warm — hey I know!"

Or "Ooh you've dribbled a bit of chocolate between your tits. Don't worry, I'll lick it off..."

Or finally "A mate told me a very effective way of getting the wax out of my lug-holes. Do you mind if I try it?"

BLESS YOU!

J B of Croydon writes: *"As a regular sufferer from colds and flu at this time of the year I find I'm often caught in public places without a handkerchief. What should I do in those circumstances?"*

There's little worse than letting loose a gallon of green gloop in a sneeze and discovering you've left the monogrammed Irish linen snot-rags at home. But follow this advice and you should be home and dry.

Sneezing: Sneeze downwards into your hand. Do not hold hand too close as this blasts the glutinous goo sideways into your hair. Discreetly wipe hand on seat of bus or train. Check clothing for semi-liquid shrapnel. Blow nose on new handy-sized and otherwise useless tabloid section of *The Guardian*. Do not wipe nose on sleeve — cuff buttons can perform an all too neat nostrilectomy.

Nose picking: Pretend to be enclosed in some magazine you can hold with one hand — this forms a V-shaped barrier under the cover of which you can slip your finger into the bogey-filled crevice. Wipe finger on seat when nobody is looking. Make sure it adheres to cover. There's nothing worse than confidently pointing out something in a report to your secretary later and discovering there's still a large green globule attached to it.

Coughing: If in the "productive" stage, it's best to swallow it in one like an oyster — vile but no worse than what you try and get your girlfriend to do after a blow job!

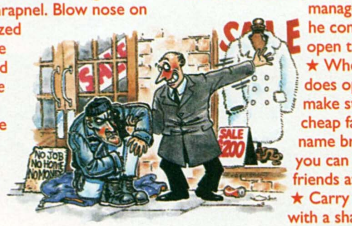
SALES BITCH

Shopping is a ghastly business. One has to find what one wants, attract the attention of some gormless girl who'd rather be talking about her boyfriend than serving you, and liberally sprinkle your conversation with "please", "thank you" and "you've been most helpful" when they can't even be bothered to look in your direction.

Except now! For the next few weeks, the etiquette of shopping goes out the window quicker than an illicit lover when hubby comes home unexpectedly. A whole new set of rules apply and should be strictly adhered to when making the most of the January sales.

★ Don't assume everyone sleeping in Harrods' doorway is waiting for the sale. Nothing upsets a skint homeless teenager more than starting a conversation with "Are you after the half price arctic seal fur coat as well?"

★ Tell everyone that you are after something ridiculously prestigious like the Steinway Grand at only £4,000 so as to impress the manager when he comes to open the door.


SALE
SALE
SALE £200
NO JOB NO HOME NO MONEY

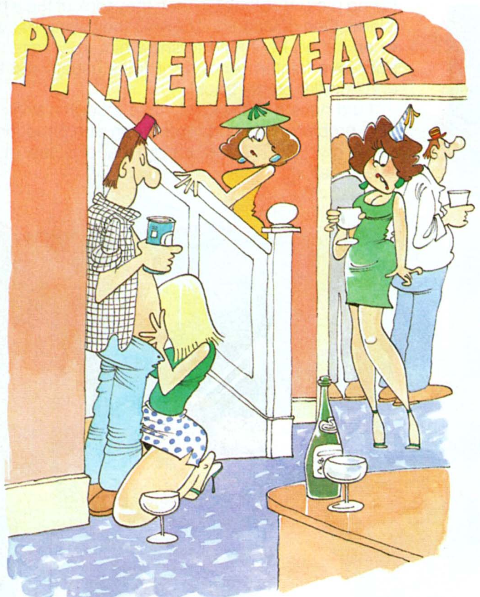
★ When he does open it, make straight for cheap famous name brands that you can flog to friends at a profit.

★ Carry a weapon with a sharp point. An umbrella, walking stick or Ben Hur-adapted Zimmer frame will get you to the till quicker.

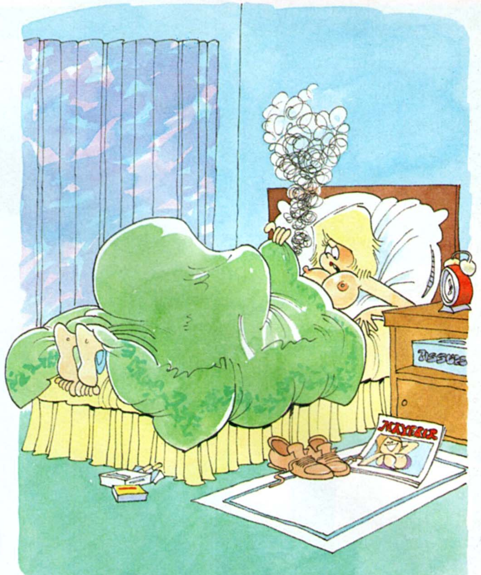
★ Don't bother to say "excuse me" as you barge others out of the way. Only say "sorry" if you actually knock somebody to the ground so hard they can't get up, and then only after you've completed your purchase.

★ Finally travel home by public transport spreading your bags over as many seats as possible to annoy commuters — only make room for the girl you fancy like hell. Ⓜ

Illustrated by Chris Harding



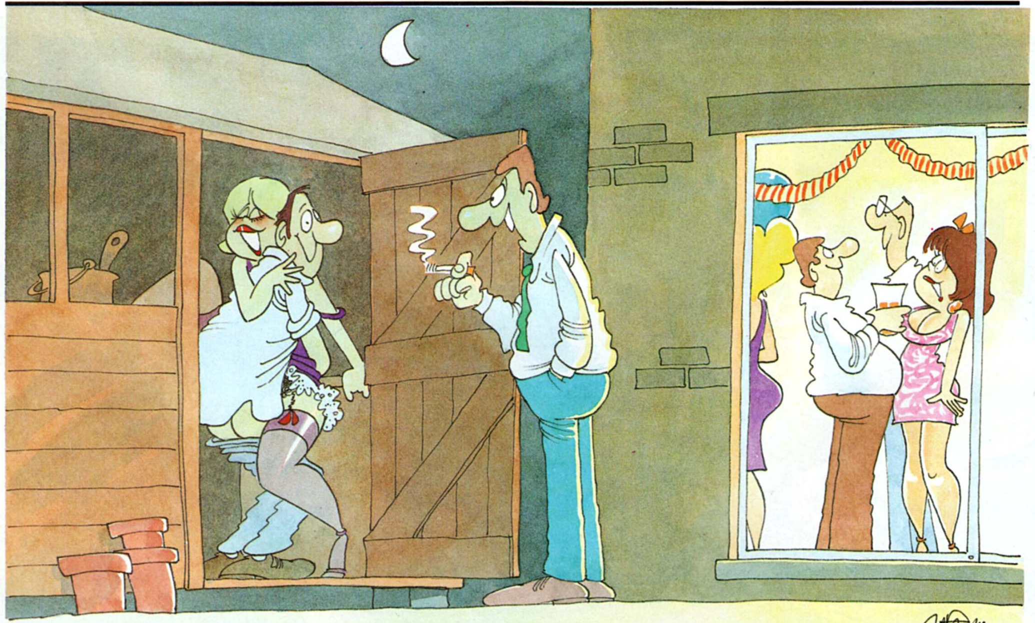
So much for her resolution not to gorge herself!



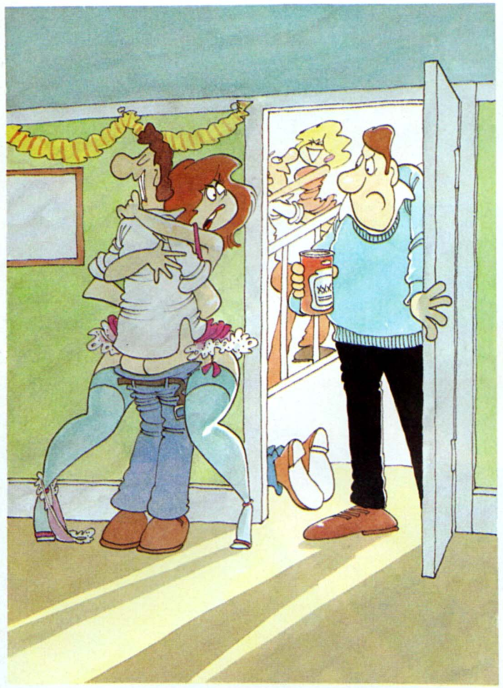
'Ere! Have you got a cigarette under there?

Just Say Yo!

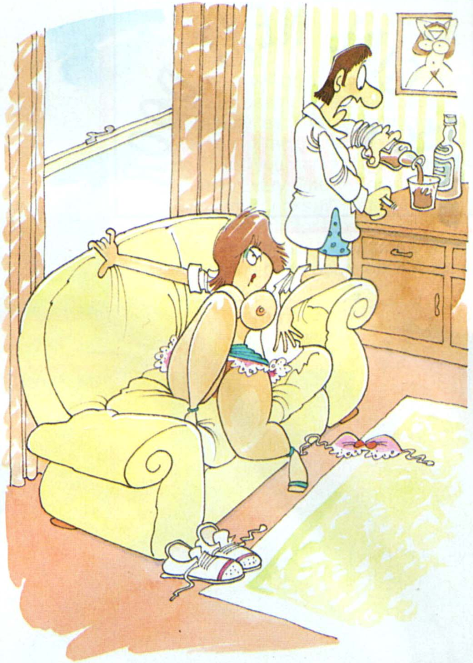
Whether it's booze, fags or wearing your wife's knickers to work, New Year resolutions are harder to stick to than a Teflon frying pan. Cartoonist Anthony finds that dirty habits die hard...



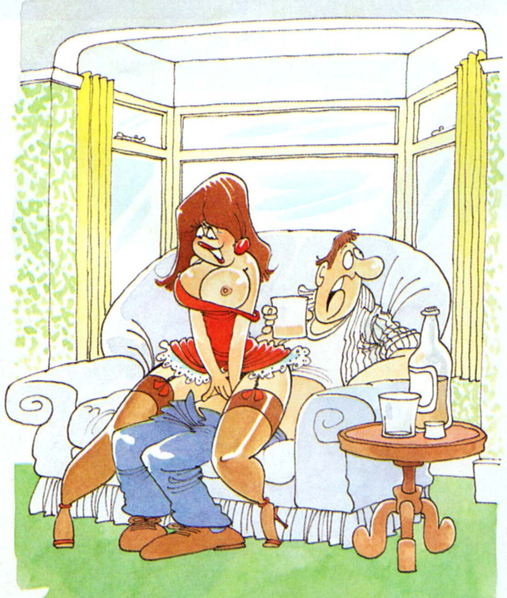
It's a deal. You won't tell my wife you've seen me smoking, and I won't tell your wife I've seen you knocking-off her best friend



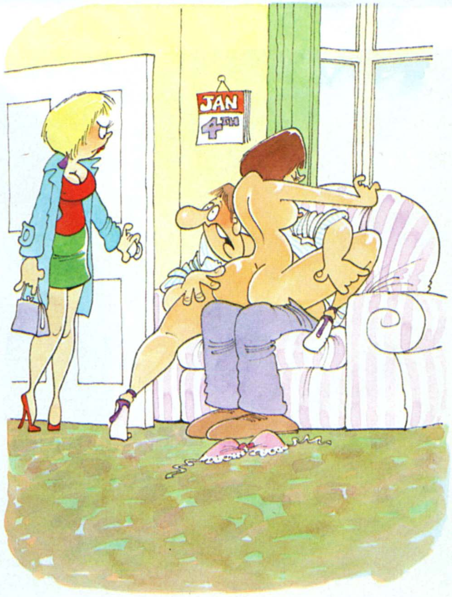
You can talk! You promised to give up the booze



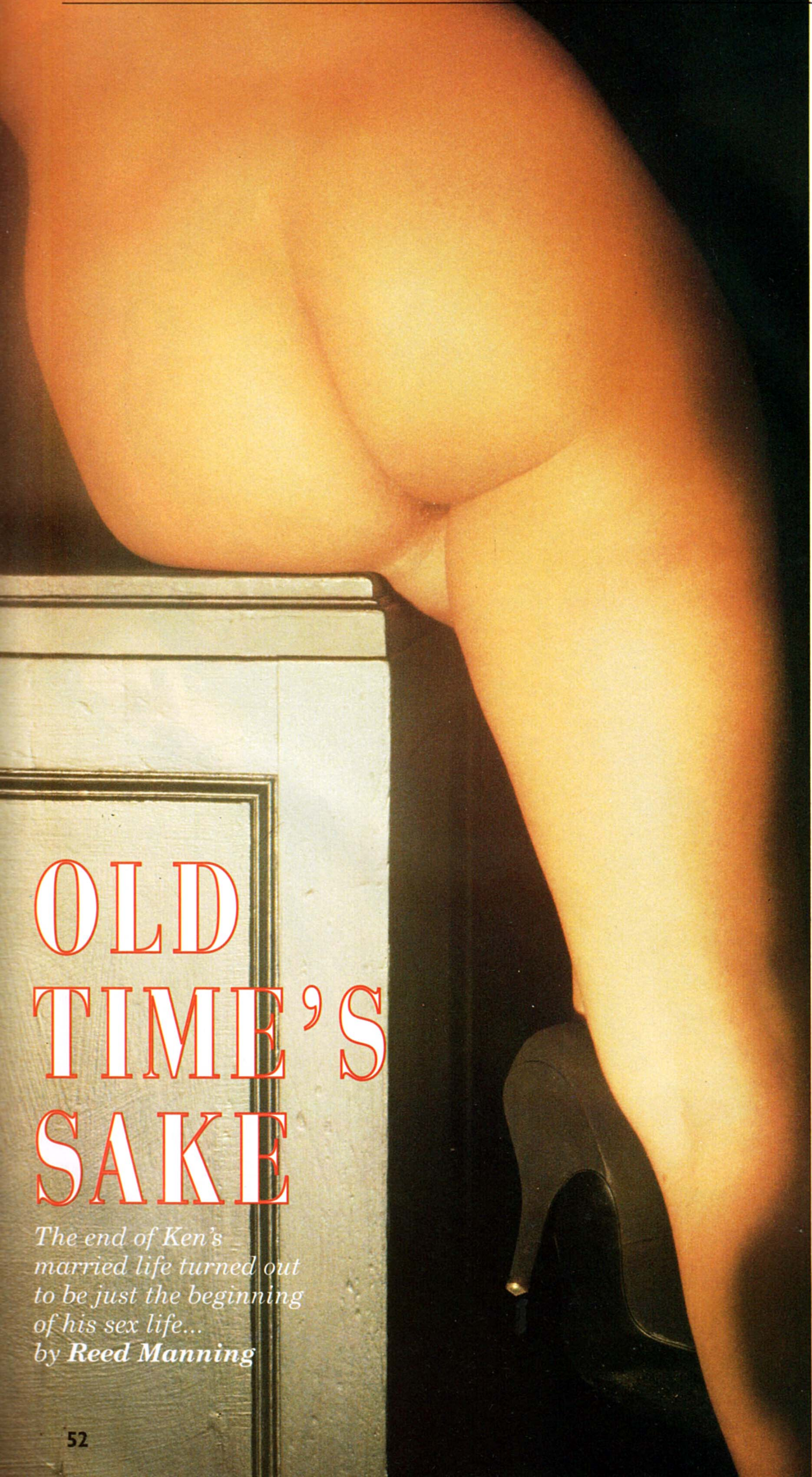
I knew it was a mistake to give up cigarettes, booze and women all at the same time!



I hope my wife dosen't come home unexpectedly... She'd go mad if she caught me drinking again



Look on the positive side, darling... At least I haven't had a bet for three days!



OLD TIME'S SAKE

The end of Ken's married life turned out to be just the beginning of his sex life...

by ***Reed Manning***

The holidays were the worst. All those well-meaning faces. "Oh, we're so sorry about you and Brenda." Ken couldn't wait to pull out of his parents' driveway.

He eased onto the main road. He idled along at 20 miles per hour, like he used to do, hoping to distract himself with nostalgic memories.

The plan backfired. As he passed the park, he saw the picnic area he used to visit during that long summer he spent at home after graduating from university.

Ken sighed. He traced the line of Brenda's hair in the photo he'd pulled out of his wallet, then snapped it shut. Sod it. He might as well pick up those cigarettes his father wanted, and wheel back home.

Shocking cold air blasted him as he strode toward the supermarket. Cursing his light jacket, he hurried through the doors, hampered only by the speed of the woman in front of him. She had a nice warm overcoat and fur-lined boots, he noted sourly.

She also had a strangely familiar walk. Ken started towards the cigarette counter. But he continued to stare at the woman's back. Finally, as she turned, he got a look at the side of her face.

"I'll be damned," he whispered.

He found her removing a carton from the ice cream case. "Stephanie?" he asked.

She turned. When her glance passed his unfamiliar beard and reached his eyes, her mouth popped open.

"Ken!" On her tiptoes, she wrapped her arms around his neck, losing her grip on the carton of ice cream. The lapels of her coat flew aside, and her body pressed against his, breasts first. A girlish aroma wafted up, awakening pleasant memories. Then she rocked back on her heels, held him at arms length, and said, "You're looking good! Been working out?"

"Actually, yes." He'd had plenty of time on his hands, lately.

"I heard about your divorce."

At Ken's embarrassed cough, Stephanie clapped her hands to her mouth. "Oops. Let's try that again! Want to go get a cup of coffee?"

He wasn't the only one looking good. Her boobs seemed as abundant as ever, and her thighs stressed perfectly the seat of her jeans.

"Coffee?" Suddenly Ken was stammering. "S-sounds fine to me." She took his arm in hers and they left.

The cafe was the same old greasy spoon as ever, with one big difference. Ken now felt gray-haired and arthritic in such a young crowd, though he had to admit he looked nearly as young as anyone there. And Stephanie definitely did.

"How do you keep in such good shape eating ice cream?" asked Ken.

"It's the job. I'm a recreation director on a cruise ship. This is my first Christmas at home in three years." He smiled. Compared to Stephanie, he'd lived a boring life. Married at 23. A mortgage. Everything but kids.

"So tell me about it," he said.

So she did. Slowly Ken realized how long it had been since he had enjoyed listening to a woman talk. Brenda had talked. How she had talked! But when Stephanie conversed, she had something to say.

"Don't you get lonely, being on the move so much?"

"Not really," she said. "Why? Do you get lonely?"

He shrugged. "There are times." Why did the contour of her neck draw his attention so? Perhaps it was the way she used to squirm when he licked her there.

To his surprise, a shoeless foot began sliding along his thigh, until it pressed firmly against his crotch. Stephanie was staring at him intently. His erection pulsed against her toes.

"I thought maybe something was happening down there," she said.

"Stephanie. I haven't... not since..." Blood rushed to his cheeks.

"I know. I could tell. Don't you think it's time?" she asked, taking his hand. "I'm staying with my sister. She and her husband will be out for hours yet."

"Then... let's go." He was putty-kneed by the time they arrived at Stephanie's sister's place. "Can I use the shower?" he asked, hoping to rinse away his nervous sweat.

"Sure, I'll be in the downstairs bedroom."

Ken showered, brushed his teeth, and clipped off a hangnail. Every last flaw in the mirror seemed magnified a dozen times. He resisted the urge to take out a ruler and measure his prick. Drawing in a deep breath, he walked into the bedroom.

Stephanie was waiting naked on the quilt. Her tits floated, pancaked, on her firm torso, slick with the massage oil she was rubbing them with. A rich fragrance wafted across the room. Her legs were bent and parted. Pussy lips, also oiled, glistened within her dark, sparse tangle of hair.

"Hi. I've been having fun waiting for you," she said.

Her glance drifted down his body. Ken realized his cock was already pointing at the chandelier.

"Come taste me," she said.

And at once Ken's fright disappeared. Because now he knew exactly what he was supposed to do. He remembered how Stephanie liked it. He knelt down beside the bed, and cupped both hands around one of her oh-so-ample boobs.

His lips closed around the nipple. He licked with the flat of his tongue, warming the erectile tissue, and when it expanded, he seized it between his lips and lifted.

The nipple followed him upward, gently trapped, until her entire breast hung from it. Then it slipped from his mouth's grip, splashing back into an ocean of mammary.

As his mouth played with her, her hand slipped down over the edge of the bed. She found and cupped his cock. Her warm grip brought warm droplets oozing out. She rubbed the fluid over the head with her palm.

He convulsed. Stephanie's eyes widened at the responsiveness. Ken let her play with him while he gave her boobs a full treatment. Then he moved downward.

"Oh, yes," Stephanie whispered. Her pussy lips were full, giving him something to work with. Again he tasted the massage oil, but her own flavour mixed with it and accentuated the tastiness.

Her button swelled. He licked it firmly in circles. No feathery teasing for her. He knew she liked assertive tonguework. She writhed, grinding her hips into the mattress. Little animal noises escaped her throat.

He inserted his middle finger into her. "Ooohh," she said, and he knew his timing was right. He added a second finger and fucked her, letting his tongue fall into a steady rhythm.

Her eyes closed. Her forehead wrinkled with concentration. Her hips rose. She came so noisily the cat sleeping by the closet door suddenly woke up and slinked out of the room. Stephanie threaded her fingers through Ken's hair and, pressing, let him know she didn't want him to lift away — yet.

He didn't. Her breathing softened, but the tension in her hips remained. In less than two minutes, she began gulping in deep breaths, shuddering throughout her body even more intensely than the first time.

She gave him a delirious smile as, at last, he came up for air.

"More?" he asked.

"Two is enough," she said. "On your back, my friend."

She didn't have to say it twice. As he lay back, she arched over him, hand on his cock, and kissed him. The fierceness of it made his back arch in ecstasy. His cock twitched in her grip.

"You *have* been deprived, haven't you?" she murmured.

"Yeah." Ken had forgotten just how nice a woman's attentions could feel when it was obvious she was trying.

Stephanie moved down and took his cock into her mouth. She worked the head around between her tongue and cheeks. As she pressed it in as far as she could take it, which was almost all the way, he erupted with a delighted gurgle.

"I'd forgotten how well you do that," he said.

"You mean your wife never did this for you?"

"No." Ken waved his hands dismissively.

"Then you'll come in my mouth tonight," declared Stephanie.

Ken's cock throbbed in anticipation. Stephanie wrapped her lips around it again. Before long she had his bulb knocking happily against her palate.

"Hey, now," she teased, "don't come yet."

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm going to savour this."

She blew him until her lips turned purple, and then, with a grin, she climbed up his body and impaled herself.

> **"His swollen prick peeked out of her cleavage on every slippery stroke"**

Her cunt held him as snug and hot as ever. Juicy with excitement, he met no resistance. In fact, within moments she was overflowing all over his balls.

"You've got me really worked up," she confessed.

"Uhhh," he replied, accelerating. In the soft light of the bedside lamp, he saw his dick pound into the middle of her wet triangle of hair. Soft pussy walls massaged his cock.

"I'll give you an hour to stop that," she said.

Encouraged, he hammered her as long as his hips would hold out, and when he gave out, she took over, bouncing up and down in slow strokes, like a carousel horse.

How long they continued, he couldn't say. Time was the last thing on his mind. Finally, he rolled her onto her back, without withdrawing. He pressed his belly down on hers, burying his sword to the hilt. They rocked. She had a wonderful way of squeezing her bum and thighs together that deepened every stroke.

But the best part was the way her tits cascaded back and forth with the pumping. The sight of it finally became too much for him.

"Can I fuck your tits?" he asked.

"Of course," she laughed. "You always liked that, didn't you?"

She was right. And he hadn't had it since those days. She was the only big-titted woman he'd ever had. Most of the time, that was fine with him, but the sight of Stephanie's mounds squeezing together, creating a snug tunnel for him, brought his balls up tight against his shaft.

"Oh, I love the way this looks," Stephanie said, licking her lips as Ken's swollen head peeked out of her cleavage on every stroke.

How long he fucked her that way again he didn't know. Eventually, a monumental pressure built inside.

"I don't think you can hold off much longer," she said. "Move up a little and fuck me in the mouth."

He clambered forward, settling his rump down on her boobs and shoulders. Her arms were down — and trapped. He had never felt so dominant. Or more trusted. He lifted her head and inserted his hard-on into her mouth. Her eyes beamed up at him with affection.

It was so arousing, he didn't even have to thrust. He just moved her head forward and backward. Her mouth slid along his shaft with just the perfect pressure — a little resistance on the way in and out, but none at either end of the thrust.

He fired. Months worth of semen poured out of him, but Stephanie drank it blissfully, moaning for him to give her more. Finally he was done. He settled back, balls cradled between Stephanie's twin peaks.

"Can I see you again?" he asked, when he had his clothes on. She lay naked on the bed, basking in that just-been-fucked glow.

She pulled him down into a kiss, and when it was done, she held his face close, so he could see just how serious she was. "No."

"But..."

"You don't need another relationship yet. You've got to get some fun out of your system."

He sat up, a frown on his lips.

"But in a year, if you still care to, there's a cruise package I could recommend." She smiled indulgently.

His mind filled briefly with images of warm nights beneath palm trees, fucking Stephanie on a beach. But between then and now, a lot could happen. That was her point, of course. Ken knew in his heart she was right.

"Then it's goodbye, I guess," he said wistfully.

"Almost," she said. With a mischievous smile, she reached for his zipper.

One thorough fuck later, Ken emerged from the house, found his car, and started it up. Stephanie waved once from the living room window, and let the curtains close. Wow, he thought. So that was what it used to be like.

He slid the photo of Brenda out of the plastic sleeve of his wallet. Tearing it in two, he stuffed the pieces in his ashtray. As he sped down the street, his thoughts turned to that pretty receptionist at his gym. Ⓜ

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

What happens when a woman becomes so frustrated that she feels she'd do absolutely anything for sex? How can she overcome her inhibitions and solve her problem? Quest talks to three women who all found ways to get the sex that they craved...

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Mrs W
Age... 27
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Cardiff
Other details... This brunette schoolteacher looks considerably younger than her years, and is very sexually attractive. However, she had been finding that her sex life with her husband was leaving her unsatisfied, and she was determined to solve her sexual problem.

Quest: What had happened between you and your husband to cause the sexual rift you described to us?

Mrs W: There was no one specific incident, I just think it was a case of familiarity breeding contempt. I always read *Mayfair* and that's one of the themes that I've found cropping up a lot in your *Quest* section. I suppose it's when you see someone every day, the sexual excitement and spark seems to somehow disappear from the relationship. And once that's happened, then it's very hard to recapture that desire.

Quest: Is that what had happened between you and Warren?

Mrs W: Yes, unfortunately, it was. We'd been married for almost four years, and what with the demands of work and running a home, I found that before I'd even noticed, we hadn't had sex for two months! Looking back, it sounds unthinkable, but it was true.

And then of course, the more I thought about it, the more frustrated I became. I tried to remember what it was like the last time that Warren had fucked me: the delicious sensation of his hard, thick cock shafting into my wet pussy, building up speed as his hands tightly gripped my waist and pushed my legs up so that my calves were resting on his shoulders as his penetration became even deeper, and me riding it with my pussy muscles until I couldn't hold my orgasms back any longer and unleashed them in a torrent of groans and dirty words.

That used to drive Warren wild, seeing me lose control like that, and his own climax wouldn't be far behind. His hot, sticky spurts would shoot up inside me, dribbling out of my pussy as he slowly pulled his cock out of me as we lay panting and recovering.

Thinking about it made me feel so frustrated. And the more frustrated I became, the more I frigged my little clitty when I was in the bath, or alone in the house, or even when Warren was asleep next to me, working the heel of my hand hard against my love mound as my thumb grated against my stiff little button, my aching pussy contracting as I felt the orgasms wash over me. But even that didn't ease my frustrations at all. What I needed was a good, hard fucking, but I didn't seem to be able to explain my frustration to Warren.

Quest: So how did you decide to resolve this situation?

Mrs W: I knew that drastic measures had to be taken, so I made my plans. One night when I knew he was going to be working late, I went down to the local video shop and hired a couple of the raunchiest videos I could find. One was a very naughty film, and the other, one of those sex videos for couples. I must admit that I felt really turned on as I paid for them over the counter and saw the look the assistant gave me, knowing what I was going to be doing later that night!

My pussy was already very wet as I changed into a sheer silk nightshirt (with nothing underneath) and paraded myself around the living room, knowing that any of the neighbours could be getting a really good view of me in this highly aroused state, my nipples poking through the thin material, occasionally stroking my breasts with the palm of my hands, not letting myself touch my throbbing clitty though.

I didn't let myself have a sneak preview of the videos until the time was right – which was when Warren rang to say that he was leaving the office and would be home in 15 minutes. I made sure that the sight that greeted him was going to make him give me the screwing of my life!

When his key turned in the door and Warren came into the lounge and his eyes nearly popped out of his head. He found me there, sprawled on the sofa, my legs spread as wide as they would go, my fingers dipping rhythmically in and out of my pussy, which was dripping with my love juices.

On the television was a scene of a well-endowed blonde sucking on her lover's huge cock, his hairy balls almost slapping her in the face with every stroke as he shunted in between her lips faster and faster. By the look on the guy's face as the camera panned upwards, he couldn't hold his load back for much longer.

Nor could my husband! I smiled up at him lasciviously, urgent desire and lust showing all too clearly on my face. I pulled my love lips further apart to give him a view right inside my pulsing, moist cunt.

"This is what I want you to do," I told him, still stroking my stiff clitty and pushing three fingers inside myself, indicating at the screen where the blonde was now taking her lover's wads of come and rubbing it all over her huge boobs. "I want to feel your hot come on my skin – and that's just the first part of what I've got planned for you this evening."

I got to my feet, my juices oozing out from between my thighs as I walked towards my husband, and slowly stripped his suit and underpants off. His cock was as stiff as a pole when he stood there, naked and erect in front of me.

"Now do it," I told him. "Wank your cock and let me have your come."

"I'll wank it in your pussy then," he grinnes, and gently positioned me so that I was crouching on the rug doggy-style, my buttocks sticking right up in the air and my love lips stretched wide apart. When I felt the tip of his cock entering me, filling my hot snatch and pumping up inside me deeper and deeper, I immediately began orgasming, my pussy contractions becoming more and more powerful as his tool slid in and out. Just like in the film, Warren's hairy, swollen balls were dangling against me, brushing my buttocks, and the friction was driving me crazy.

> **"Warren held his sticky cock in both hands and directed his spray of come at me, the long white stream coating my boobs"**

"Don't come inside me – I want your come on my tits," I whispered. The thought of his hot spunk on my smooth, cool skin was indescribably erotic. I turned over and lay on the floor on my back, my boobs moulded by my hands, my nipples poking through my fingers. Warren held his sticky cock in both hands and directed his spray of come at me, the long white stream hitting me right in the cleavage and coating my boobs with delicious come.

"Lick it up," Warren told me, wanking his cock so that every last drop of come spilled out. I reached down and pulled first one boob and then the other into my mouth, gobbling it up. I licked my lips and swallowed the whole lot down.

Almost immediately, Warren's cock was hard again, the sight of me eating his come having aroused him again, and this time we cuddled up together on the sofa, our sticky limbs entwined, and watched the sex video for couples. When it came to the part where they explored unusual sexual positions, we couldn't resist any longer – we had to try one of them out.

Warren lifted me up into his arms and we kissed passionately as he wound my legs around his waist and lifted me right off the floor, taking my whole weight. My boobs were crushed into his face, and he ran his tongue down my sticky, come-stained cleavage, making me shiver with excitement all the way down my spine. I arched my back as he took one of my nipples between his teeth and chewed on it gently, grinding my pelvis down towards his crotch. "Fuck me properly," I told him, hardly able to speak with arousal. "I've waited for this for so long."

His cock slid into me in one fluid movement, and as he was standing up and didn't want to lose his balance, I had to do all the work, moving my pussy up and down on his cock, grinding on to it and squeezing at the same time so that I could feel every inch of his thickness. He seemed to be so big I thought he was going to explode inside me.

When he shot his load we gave a great sigh of relief, as all the frustration and tension of the past two months leaked out of us both. I started climaxing just after Warren, and it felt like the best sex in the world.

We finished watching the videos, and over the next few days we certainly enjoyed trying out all the positions and suggestions – as well as inventing a few of our own!

Warren realised how frustrated I'd been, and we've now made a vow never to let our sex life stagnate like that again. And so far, it seems to be working!

Quest: Thank you.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

top fell to the floor and Bernadette's expert fingers unclasped her bra and her big boobs fell free.

Bernadette then began rubbing the palms of her hands all over Andrea's titties, before her mouth moved to meet her engorged nipples and she began to playfully bite them. Meanwhile Andrea had loosened Bernadette's blouse and unzipped her skirt and it wasn't long before they had undressed each other and they both stood there wearing only their skimpy panties and stilettos.

I could hardly believe my eyes as I watched the way the two of them rubbed their firm titties against each other's and, still kissing passionately, the way their long fingernails squeezed deeply into each other's bum.

Then, just as I thought they'd both forgotten I was there, they suddenly turned around and started walking towards me, their hips swinging from side to side.

Bernadette kissed me first, and I could taste Andrea's tangy juices on her breath while Andrea began to loosen my shirt and tie then dropped to her knees and kissed her way down over my stomach. At the same time Bernadette held her tits and offered them to my hungry

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

SO, DID I FINALLY FIND THIS "G-SPOT" THING YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT?

BOX OFFICE

Our roundup of news and views from stage and screen, with Albert Hall

HAIR'S A THING...

Have you seen **Madonna**'s fuzz? No, not the stuff between her thighs (we've all seen that) but the more rarely glimpsed growth somewhat higher up! Recent close-up pictures of her otherwise perfect puss have revealed that the *Sex* goddess has a slight facial hair problem! One or two of her more spontaneous appearances have shown that her cheeks are rather more unkempt and hirsute than **Noel Edmonds**'! Perhaps her partners in the two-girl romps she enjoys in her book prefer it that way.

GLASGOW 3 ALIEN 0

If you think the monster from the *Alien* series is hard, then you haven't met a Glaswegian! According to one drunken Scot we met recently, an *Alien* exhibition in the former city of culture has been marred by See You Jimmies proving they are tougher than any intergalactic visitor.

The exhibition consists of a mock-up of the set from *Alien 3*, and customers are advised that the creature could attack at any moment. In the event of the Alien approaching, visitors are told to hide behind the guide who will "shoot" the creature.

Unfortunately, the Glaswegians don't believe in hiding behind anybody! When the monster (some poor out-of-work actor in a rubber suit) attacks, the wee film fans band together and beat the crap out of him! So far, three Aliens have been hospitalised, and several Glaswegians are up on GBH charges!

You see, Sigourney, all you needed was a couple of lads from the Gorbals and you wouldn't have had to shave your head!

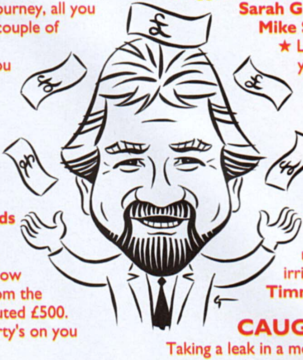


Illustration by Stephen Gulbis

Astute businessman and TV head **Noel Edmonds** picked up the merchandising rights to his show *Telly Addicts* from the BBC for a reputed £500. The House Party's on you then, Noel!

TV GUIDE

How to Become a Famous Children's Show Presenter

★ Fill your performances with slightly risque in-jokes for the adults — like **Sarah Greene**.

★ Give the boss a blow-job — like a certain male presenter we can't name.

★ Have a drink problem — like **Keith Chegwin**, presenter of *Cheggers Plays Pop*.

★ Be an assistant in *Dr Who* — like Blue Peter presenter **Peter Purves**.

★ Have a well publicised affair with another presenter — like **Yvette Fielding** and **Andy Crane**, **Maggie Philbin** and **Cheggers**, **Sarah Greene** and **Mike Smith**.

★ Lose most of your hair prematurely like **Simon Groome** and **Jenny Hanley**.

★ Dress and behave wackily but be notoriously irritable — like **Timmy Mallet**.

CAUGHT OUT

Taking a leak in a motorway services toilet on a trip to Scotland, our production editor heard a great deal of commotion coming from one of the cubicles. Eventually the door burst open and a tall man tripped over and fell flat on his face on the slippery kharsi floor. Our man looked round to see it was none other than **Ian Lavender**, alias Private Pike of *Dad's Army*.

Sadly, our man on the job Richard didn't have the time to admonish him with a Mainwaring-like, "Stupid boy!"

The supposedly "ad lib" satirical show, *Have I Got News for You* takes three days to write.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

So what happened to **Bruce Forsyth**'s leggy blonde wife and original co-host in the seventies version of the *Generation Game*, **Anthea Redfern**?

After working together for several years and marrying the then rug-less roue, she gave her last twirl on the show when Bruce decided to stage a return to the theatre. When that failed, Brucie moved to *LWT* to present *Bruce's Big Night* but without Anthea. Soon, he decided it was no longer nice to see her, to see her nice and they divorced.

Forty-year-old Anthea now lives in boring Bracknell, Berkshire, with a new hubby and several children and no longer thinks show biz is a good game.

"I got the job on the *Generation Game* by pure chance," she says. "I met Bruce when I was hosting a beauty contest in my days as a model and he got me on the show. But I'm not sorry to be out of it. A mother should look after her children."

So is she doing all right, my luv? Well her new hubby Robert Hoffman is a property developer so I leave you to judge for yourselves.

CONNECTIONS

More tit-related ties that you never even suspected...

Catherine Zeta Jones is the perfick British woman even though she has a Greek-sounding name

AS DOES

Telly Savalas who as Kojak spent most of his time keeping assholes and cunts locked away

AS DO

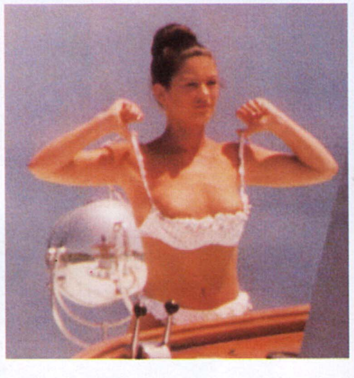
Marks and Spencers knickers which women put on every morning despite being incredibly boring

AS THEY DO

Richard and Judy who also appear in a vastly over-rated Sunday night TV show

AS DID

Catherine Zeta Jones!



IN BRIEFS

"Told of an indecent act taking place on a public vehicle, I drove to the Northam Estate and arrested Mr Harold Granger who was making love to Edith Zee on the floor of a 27A, Shipham to Sloe bus. Mr Granger explained that as he was the driver of the bus and, as his own car was in for a service and as he always had sex on a Thursday evening, he had picked up Mrs Zee after work on his way back to the garage." *Sergeant James Hardy upon giving evidence, Bournemouth Evening Echo*

"We were looking forward to a quiet weekend in the country," said Miss Naomi Brief. "But a police helicopter circled overhead for eight hours after a French tourist said he had seen a woman enter the woods and a shifty looking man emerge ten minutes later carrying her dress. Later it was revealed that the man was Mr Ted Darren, a transvestite who had gone into the woods to change in private." *Surrey News and Gazette*

"The Royal London Hospital has a four million pound defecation and has not been able to attract enough patients to cover its high costs." *The Asian*

"We padded Mel Gibson's underpants with socks." — *Lethal Weapon 3 director Richard Donner reveals the secret of the star's success*

"It's a great advantage to be able to hurdle with both legs." — *David Coleman, BBC1, Barcelona Olympics*

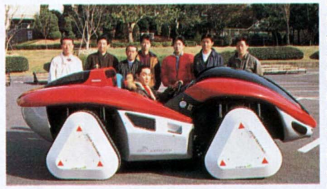
"Now McMahon is getting a good length it's doing him the world of good." — *Commentator David Bryant on Mark McMahon's bowl action in the world championships, BBC2*

TORQUE TALK

*Wing mirror, wing mirror on the wall, which is the ugliest car of all? **Hugh Laver** meets the motor you won't take home to mother*

Citroen *Rallye-Raid*: Endurance rally champion, but uglier than a camel licking sweat off a Bedouin's bum

When the going gets tough, the tough get ugly — meet the Citroën *Rallye-Raid* (above). A strange cross between the ugliest car ever and an even uglier one, it's so ugly they call it Camel, or perhaps that's just the sponsor. But just as the plain girls are always the brainy ones, the mid-engined monster is nobody's fool. It walked last year's Paris-Dakar suicide-in-the-sand jamboree (I told you it was strange), now it's won the 10,000 mile Paris-Moscow-Peking Rally despite taking a wrong turning and ending up 5,000 miles away at the pyramids. Or maybe the Art Department just used the wrong picture.



By contrast the new 180mph Ferrari *456GT* is so beautiful the Italians got away with unveiling it in the world's most boring city — Brussels. This is quite simply the best looking Ferrari for 20 years; in fact, in tests nine out of ten cars which expressed a preference said they'd rather be a Ferrari *456GT*. A welcome return to Ferrari's favourite formula — V12 up front, rearwheel drive, sublime styling — it makes the current crop of half-million pound 220mph supercars look faintly ridiculous.

And speaking of ridiculous, Rolls-Royce — down on production, up for sale, out of date and in the crap — are tackling their problems with a new recession-busting advert which boasts there is *"a Rolls-Royce for those who wish to stay in touch with the real world"*. And which one might that be then? Why, it's the *Corniche IV*, a snip at just £159,997. Driving it, the ad says, *"you're immediately more at one with the man in the street"*, — 950 of whom worked at RR until they were laid off just before Christmas.

TVR on the other hand (now the UK's largest independent car maker) marches on with a brilliant new V8 engine of their own design. More compact than an F1 unit and bristling with new technology, its extreme light weight makes it a real flyer — 470bhp from a single camshaft per bank and only 2 valves per cylinder.

At the other end of the scale, Detlev Schmidt (a man whose job is even worse than his name — he's MD of Skoda) says that although VW have taken over, "We will never go upmarket". Sounds exciting, Det. His newest model is called the *Excellent*, suggesting a preoccupation with*Wayne's World* rather than with the Trades Descriptions Act.

Volkswagen's Spanish sudsidiary has a lot more to shout about. By sticking a superb 2.8litre V6 engine into a *Toledo* chassis and clothing the lot in a super-slippery bodyshell, Seat has hit the jackpot with its first in-house design. If the *Concept T* showcar goes into production it will be Spain's first high performance coupé since the stunning 1950s *Pegaso*.

As companies like to sponsor events which are appropriate to their products, Lada's sponsorship of a major darts tournament must be their way of signalling that, like darts, their cars can't turn corners and can only be taken seriously after you've had a few pints.

I don't much like this new speeding law which allows courts to fine rich chaps in Ferraris more than poor bastards in bangers. Apart from anything else, it means the penalty no longer fits the crime, instead it fits the criminal — imagine the size of the fine if another Royal gets nailed on the M4! The maximum for a bald tyre is now a £2,500 fine plus three penalty points. That means if your jalopy is parked on four of them — and it probably is — you could scoop 12 points (a one year ban) and a 10 grand fine. The Americans are worse though: LA cops recently slapped a parking ticket on a car in which the dead driver sat slumped over the wheel.

The Japs, meanwhile, have been busy re-inventing the wheel, and this time it's triangular. The *Tobleroh-no*, (centre), a head-on collision between innovation and idiocy, won the gold medal at this year's Toyota Idea Expo. Running on four huge solid triangles it boasts a top speed of 6mph and weighs 1000kg, coincidentally the same weight as a 250mph McLaren F1. The show gives 30,000 factory workers a chance to turn their most mental ideas into metal; the latest crop includes a wheel-less car which shuffles along like a scrubbing brush, and another which uses springs to jump up and down. Toyota has no plans to put them into production. I'll drink to that. Ⓜ

Centre: The Toyota *Tobleroh-no*. Below: The Seat *Concept T* prototype is Spain's sexiest car

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Miss P
Age... 22
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Shrewsbury
Other details... This buxom blonde is currently unemployed, though she has held a variety of clerical posts. Most of her sexual encounters have occurred through the workplace, and consequently her bout of unemployment has left her feeling sexually unfulfilled...

Quest: Why is it that you've found most of your sexual partners through the workplace over the last couple of years?

Miss P: I don't think I planned it that way – at least, not consciously – but that's just the way it turned out. I left school at 16 and started working for a temping agency, doing various clerical and secretarial jobs around the local area. I like the variety of not being stuck in the same office for more than a few months at a time, and it's certainly been good for my social life, meeting all these different people.

Although I say it myself, I'm pretty attractive to the opposite sex. I've always looked after my figure and I'm lucky enough to have been blessed with long, slim legs, really firm, bouncy boobs and natural blonde hair which I wear long with my backless dresses and skimpy tops. Add to that a love for all things sexual, and you'll know that I've never been short of sexual partners. At least, not when I was working regularly.

Quest: Briefly, what was the most exciting sexual encounter which you had through work?

Miss P: I was on a three month stint at a solicitor's office. I'd worked there a couple of times before and I knew everyone in the office quite well. One of the junior partners, Dan, always had a twinkle in his eye for me, and when I was asked back there I found I was working directly with him. The proximity eventually got to us both, and although he was married, I knew I was going to end up having sex with him.

The evening he asked me to work late, I knew that was the night that I was finally going to have his cock inside me. In my lunch break I went out and bought myself a sheer black blouse with a lacy panel cut out over the cleavage, showing off my boobs and giving just a hint that my nipples would be erect at the slightest opportunity. Dan certainly knew how to get them aroused too! His hands were brushing my body at every opportunity and he made sure that we bumped into each other practically every time we moved... the usual come-on stuff. I could hardly contain my excitement as the day wore on – my pussy was so wet that I had to take my knickers off and walk around without them – which only served to turn me on even more, of course!

When the time came, Dan finally cornered me in his office, shutting the door but not locking it so that there was always the chance that someone might come and find us fucking. He took me standing up, my back pressed against the wall, my feet almost off the floor as I wrapped one leg around his hips so that he could get his cock as far inside me as possible. His knob end nudging my wet cunny lips apart, and I gasped as I felt his thickness filling me up. I reached down and helped his cock on its way up into me with my fingers. We couldn't really get much of a real rhythm going in that position, but by grinding our pubes together frantically, we turned ourselves on so much that it only took a few minutes before we were both climaxing and gasping, perspiration running off us both. We were like a pair of rutting animals. To be honest, it turns me on even now, thinking about how I totally lost control.

Quest: But when the work dried up, your sex life dried up as well, didn't it?

Miss P: Yes – I found it very difficult to meet men when I wasn't in the office, and as I had no money it was hard to go out and socialise and meet blokes that way. After a couple of months, I was suffering the worst frustration of my life!

I decided that I couldn't cope with this. I was frigging myself all day, walking around my flat naked and just spending the whole time fantasising about past sexual experiences. I started staring at any bloke I caught sight of, but gradually I realised that the guy who lives in the flat downstairs from me, a young computer whizzkid who worked from home, was really rather attractive.

I didn't think twice about it – I planned his seduction like a military operation! The frustration was too much for me to bear, and I knew I had to do something before I went mad.

I started popping down to his flat most days on various pretexts, and after a couple of weeks I knew that Dave was ripe for the picking. The day I felt certain, I phoned down to his flat and made out that I had a leak in my bathroom, and asked him if he would come up and have a look at it.

Of course, when I let him into the flat I made sure I was just wearing a very short T-shirt which barely skimmed my buttocks and showed off the fact that I was only wearing skimpy lacy knickers underneath. As I showed Dave the 'leak', I pressed my body up against him so that he couldn't help but feel my hard, aroused nipples digging into him. He must have been able to sense the way I was feeling, because the next minute we were on the floor, with me on top, passionately kissing and fondling each other as if our lives depended on it.

His hands had soon dispensed with my tee-shirt, and all I needed to do was to pull his prick out of his jeans. It practically burst out of his flies when I undid them, and I soon had it in my mouth first for a really good sucking, then between my big boobs. Dave groaned as I gave him a good titty-fuck, squeezing my fleshy mounds around his shaft and rubbing his knob end against my stiff nipples, urging him to hold back his come until I told him I was ready for him.

> **"Dave groaned as I gave him a good titty-fuck, squeezing my fleshy mounds around his shaft and rubbing his knob end against my stiff nipples... "**

My little clitty felt as if it was going to burst as I revelled in the feeling of his prick rubbing against my boobs, and I reached down and played with myself at the same time, not caring if Dave was shocked at my wanton behaviour. Orgasms were rushing through me as I sat myself upright and prepared to take Dave's prick inside me.

He didn't have a very thick shaft, but it was certainly long, and it seemed to take forever for him to have all his length inside me. I relished every second as his helmet penetrated me, my sticky juices coating the shaft and easing it up.

Dave replaced my fingers with his own on my clitty, gently working my button so that my juices flowed even faster. I revelled in it, arching my back and sitting up straight astride him, circling my hips so that I could feel every inch of him inside me, moving him from side to side to give myself maximum pleasure. I must admit that I was feeling very selfish and not even considering whether Dave was enjoying himself as much as I was, but from the expression of bliss on his face and the way his balls were straining against me, I figured he must be!

It seemed like years since I'd had a bloke come inside me, and more than ever I was desperate to feel Dave come. But I made him hold off for as long as he could until I'd enjoyed several deep and shuddering orgasms myself. My face was pink with the effort of it all, and I still wanted more.

"Come now," I urged Dave through gritted teeth, and with a huge groan he emptied his balls into me, his back arching and his chest heaving with exertion. There was so much come that when I eased his prick out of my cunny, it ran down my thighs and coated the whole of my pussy mound and pubes. It felt beautiful to have a warm, sticky load inside me again!

I'm still not back to work yet, but although money is tight, I'm not complaining – Dave is giving me a thorough fucking every day of the week now, and thankfully frustration really is a thing of the past!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Miss H

Age... 21

Sex... Female

Town of origin... Harrogate

Other details... This secretary was still a virgin until a year ago, and was becoming frustrated at not being able to find a partner who would teach her about sex. Finally, while out with a group of friends one evening, her frustration finally became too much for her...

Quest: Why was it that you were still a virgin at the age of 20? Was it through choice?

Miss H: I suppose so, in a way, but it was really more through lack of opportunity. You see, until I was 19 I lived at home with my parents in a tiny village on the moors, and the place was so isolated that the chance of finding a guy there my own age to experiment with was non-existent. There were a few older guys there who showed an interest in me as I got into my late teens. I remember their eyes would linger on my firm young breasts and, as their gazes slid down over the rest of my body, I knew they'd be imagining what it would be like to fill my soft, wet snatch with their hungry cocks and fuck me until I was begging for them to come and feel their warm spurts inside me; but I'm afraid married men aren't my style.

So it was only when I moved to Harrogate that I really came into contact with any guys of my own age. And as I had spent the first year or so building up a circle of mates and getting used to living on my own for the first time, well, any thoughts of sex rather took a back seat.

Quest: Did you masturbate a lot at that time?

Miss H: Oh yes, definitely! I really got to know my body well during that year. I shared a house with three other girls of about my own age but who I didn't know well, though they were friendly enough. A couple of them had boyfriends and as the walls in the house were thin, I would lie in bed at night and hear them being fucked. I'd lie back naked under the duvet, my back pressed right into the mattress, my fingers slowly stroking my small, budding breasts, pinching the nipples till they were hard and throbbing, the warm, wet sensations starting to spread down from my nipples to my fanny.

Then I'd hold off from fingering myself for as long as possible to prolong the lovely build-up to the climax I was going to give myself. But eventually the juices would be flowing between my legs and I couldn't resist parting my moist love lips and playing with myself, slowly sliding my index finger up and down inside myself, spreading my wet juice around my pussy and nudging my clitty with my thumb, making it ache and throb as the orgasms shuddered through me.

Sometimes I'd cry out loud as I climaxed, and would wonder if the others could hear me, and the thought of being caught pleasuring myself like that aroused me even more.

Quest: But you still felt frustrated, didn't you?

Miss H: Masturbating was fine for a while, but talking to my sexually active friends made me begin to feel I was missing out. I really needed to feel a guy's hard cock pushing into me as deep as possible, making me come just by rubbing the tip of it on my clitty before entering me. I was unbelievably curious to find out just what fucking was like!

But because I'm shy, I found it really difficult to actually approach guys, and they seemed to be more than a little backward in coming forward too, despite several well-meant attempts by my friends to fix me up.

Eventually, I knew that I was going to explode if I didn't have my frustrations relieved. One night I was out at a club with a load of friends, and to be honest I was just desperate to have sex. I don't know why it should all have come to a head just then, but I turned to my friend Linda and told her, "I've got to do it tonight – I have to get fucked."

Once I'd admitted that, Linda set about loosening me up the only way she knew how – by plying me with cocktails. Soon I was feeling rather drunk, but at least all my sexual inhibitions were thrown right out of the window! Then she shoved me towards the next guy who gave me the eye, and pushed us onto the dancefloor together!

That was the last I saw of Linda that night – though not the last that I saw of Grant, the guy I ended up with. He was gorgeous: really tall with short, blond hair and piercing blue eyes that had my heart racing and my nipples perking up through the thin, skin-tight dress I was wearing. As we danced, he whispered in my ear as his hands moved all over my back, "I can feel you're not wearing much in the way of underwear..." That was when I knew that I was going to lose my cherry that night. And about time too!

Back at Grant's place (well, I wasn't going to risk my flatmates having a good listen to my first experience of sex the way I listened to them now, was I?) I'd soon stripped for action, and I was really aroused by the way Grant's eyes lingered on every curve of my nubile body as I peeled off my dress and the skimpy all-in-one I was wearing underneath it.

I gave him the full show. I was getting so turned on, pulling and playing with my nipples, licking my lips and reaching down to stroke my love mound, and brushing my fingers through my sparsely trimmed bush and caressing my love lips that I could feel every inch of my body was trembling and aroused.

Grant had shed all his clothes too, and it was the first time I gazed at the sight of a naked, aroused bloke – I nearly came on the spot! I loved the way his cock curved upwards like a big pink banana, the helmet poking up through his foreskin and his balls packed tight against his body. The thought of that tool inside my fanny made me juicier and wetter than I'd ever been before, and I almost started frigging myself – until Grant began to do it for me.

His fingers touched my clitoris gently at first, and then more firmly, his stroking rhythm increasing as his tongue pushed right into my mouth and his chest hairs tickled my thrusting titties. I curved my body right up to him, and he pulled me back onto his bed so I was lying on top of him, our full lengths pressed tightly together, skin brushing against skin as I writhed against him, desperate to get his cock into my fanny.

He manoeuvred me into a sitting position on top of him, so that my legs were spread around his crotch, my moist lips parting and coating his cock and balls with my virgin juices. Then, very gently, he guided my hands to his cock and showed me how to push it inside myself.

> **"My legs were spread around his crotch, my moist lips parting and covering his cock and balls with my virgin juices..."**

What a delicious feeling! I thought I might feel a little pain, but there was nothing except the intense pleasure of having a cock shunting up into me for the first time, stretching my pussy walls to their limits. I ground my crotch down on to his so that I could take as much of his length as possible, then, totally instinctively, I started to ride him hard, pumping him up and down and tensing my fanny muscles so that I was hugging him in me.

"You're so tight," he murmured, as his hands spanned my waist and caressed my rock hard teats. "You're so lovely and tight."

"Give me all your come," I replied, panting with my exertions as I rode him even faster, holding the base of his tool firmly so that he didn't slip out of me. "I can't wait for you to come inside me."

After hearing that, he was soon shooting his load into my eager, hot fanny, and I threw my head back and orgasmed again and again as he emptied himself into me. My first time – and it was magnificent!

Of course, now that I was fully converted to sex, I couldn't resist giving his cock a good suck as soon as I'd slipped it out, and the taste of his come mixed with my own juices was more potent than alcohol to me – I just had to have him again, this time in the missionary position, Grant pistoning into me hard and heavy.

When I came that time, I thought I was going to bring the roof down.

Frustration is a word that's no longer in my vocabulary since I met Grant, and afterwards I couldn't wait to start experimenting with all those other guys I've suddenly discovered are out there ready and waiting for sex too!

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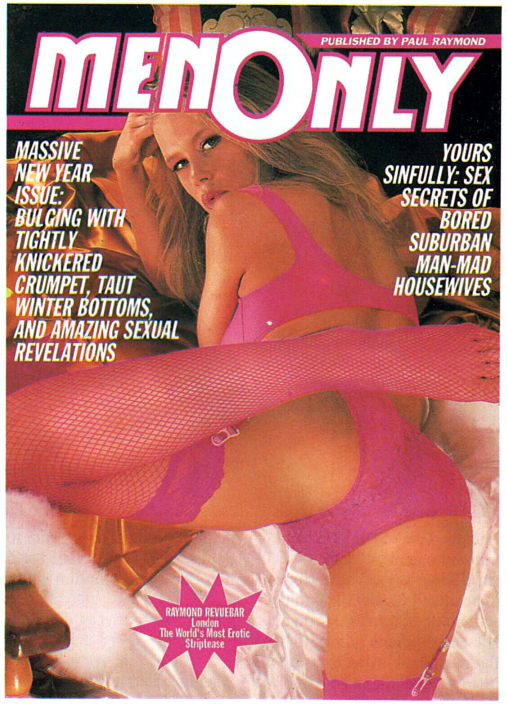
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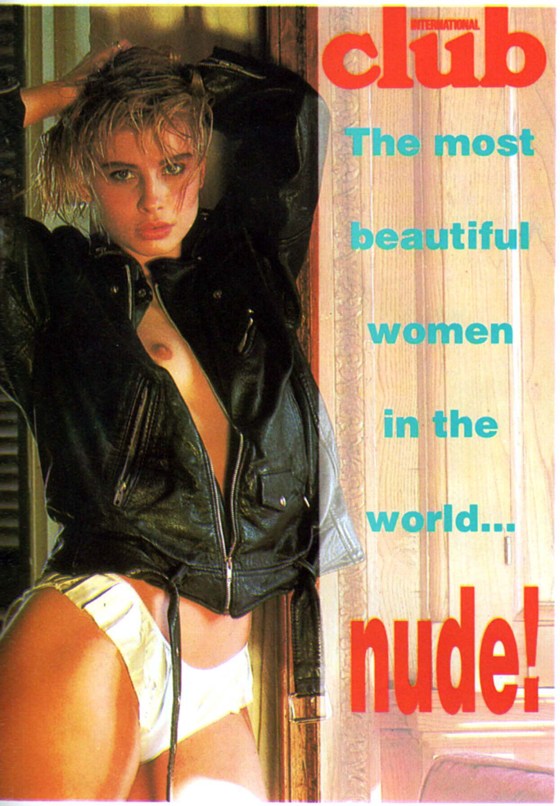

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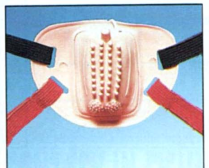

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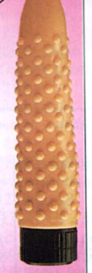

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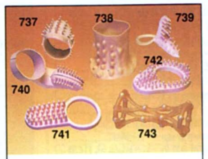

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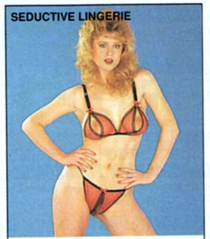

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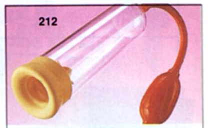

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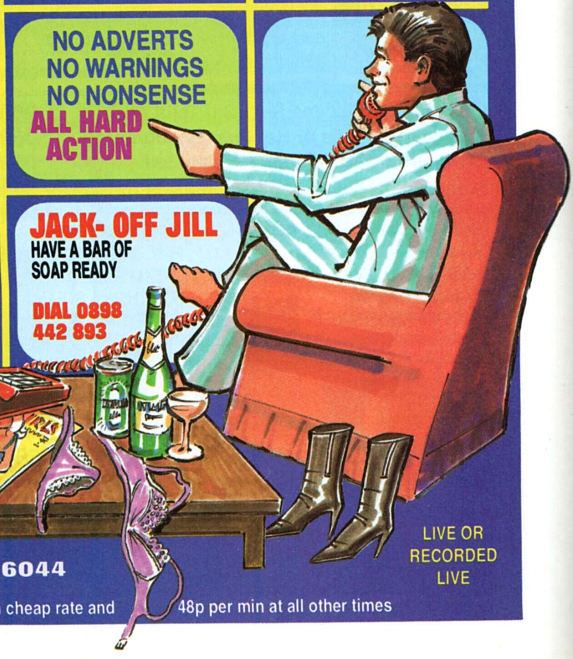

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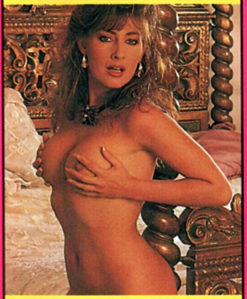

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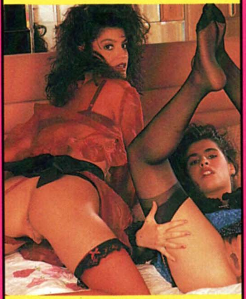

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MY LIPS TO YOUR THROBBER

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D.N., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

PHONE SEX PARTY!

ADULTS ONLY!

My skirts up & I'm ready
0898 224 353
I need a hand with wet panties
0898 224 364
Let me lick your tip!
0898 224 382
Full French knickers
0898 224 390
I'd love a hard swallow!
0898 224 387
Let me flash my knickers
0898 224 358
I want you - anytime anyplace
0898 224 371

I'M 18, BLONDE & I NEED IT NOW!! Please call me on 0898 224 373

BRA BUSTER NEEDS HELP 0898 224 370 for a titty SPECIAL!

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

SHORT SKIRT
IN THE
OFFICE
CALL
0898
224 379
for the lowdown
on hot sex
action!!

CALL ME LOVER BOY

ADULTS ONLY ACTION

Miss Robinson takes it down! 0898 224 391

My boss keeps faxing me! 0898 224 361

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES. PRG/BUR/A1

NEW PERSONAL HARDCORE ADULT SEX SERVICE for the HORNIEST CLIMAX from the SEXIEST GIRLS!

Personal Service

BE WARNED: These are adult services containing extremely explicit messages from porno girls who deal in high levels of sexual satisfaction for **MEN ONLY.**

I USED HER HAND **0898 224 362**
LUCKY LICKER **0898 224 357**
LES DO IT! **0898 224 392**
BIG, BUSTY & BLONDE **0898 224 356**

Cream on my tongue 0898 224 385

STICKY FINGER DELIGHT **0898 224 350**
TONGUE TIED PLEASURE **0898 224 352**
FEEL MY HEAVY CHEST **0898 224 359**
PANTY PEELER WANTED **0898 224 369**

Nurse Nina's way 0898 224 384

SUZIE USES A SAUSAGE **0898 224 380**
JANE JACKS HERSELF **0898 224 393**
I'M A TOPLESS TEASER **0898 224 386**
BIG BOOBED BETTY **0898 224 389**

NEW LIVE RECORDING
SQUIRMING ON HER FINGERS! 0898 224 381

I LOVE TO LICK! 0898 224 355

LISTEN TO ME LOVE MYSELF 0898 224 372

DRESS UP WITH ME... 0898 224 374

2 BLONDES TOGETHER! 0898 224 351

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

'DEAR TARA'
...the Ultimate Problem Page!

Dear Tara, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

Dear Readers,,

I get literally hundreds of letters every week from readers who think they have sex problems.

Usually there is no problem, they just need to be pointed in the right direction.

Today, I launch my new column, **"Dear Tara,"** *to give you the benefit of my experience and get your sex life moving again!*

Every problem has a real solution, supplied to the writer ***totally free of charge,*** *but I'm giving every reader the chance to get their hands on relevant answers to every problem at incredible discount prices.*

There are no real problems — this page supplies the real solutions.

Love and Kisses, *TARA*

Now solve all your problems with these high-quality items

FACT: 82% of adults are unsatisfied with their sex life

FACT: 98% of adults who have used sex aids, magazines, videos and funwear have improved their sex life

FACT: With guidance from Tara and the right aids at the right prices, your sex life will hit heights you've only ever dreamed of

Three naughty Housewives... pure pleasure 0898 770 214
Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate; 48p a minute at all other times.

Dear Tara,

My best friend tells me how she uses a vibrator on every nook and cranny and how sex has been wonderful.

What vibrator should I use? **S.C., Southend**

① **Dear S.C.,**

As a beginner, there are two basic vibrators: the personal massager — 7in of pure luxury, a classic vibrator; and the multi-headed on non-doctor — this has six different-shaped heads to get to every pleasure point on your body.

7in massager ONLY £3.75 6-header ONLY £6.50

Dear Tara,

I occasionally suffer from impotence.

It's very embarrassing, but contraptions I've tried give me no control over my orgasm, and I usually feel as if I'm being castrated. **B.J., London**

② **Dear B.J.,**

Impotence is a very common problem.

To solve comfortably, but maintain control over your orgasm, may I suggest the "Big Man Ring," a superb, effective and cheap device.

Normally £10.00. ONLY £3.95 to "Dear Tara" readers

Dear Tara,

I have heard a lot about the magical 'G' Spot and the incredible stimulating effect it can have. What is it? Where is it? How do I reach it? **D.M., Oxford**

⑤ **Dear D.M.,**

The 'Grafenberg Spot' located internally above the pubic bone can certainly have earth shattering effects when stimulated with a specifically designed vibrator.

The "Tara 'G' Spot" is ideal, smooth, controllable, and an incredible bargain at just £6.95.

Dear Tara,

My man needs hardcore porn videos to get real satisfaction from sex.

Can I get hold of them legally? **J.U., London**

⑥ **Dear J.U.,**

I have available three uncertificated hardcore videos I can supply legally because of the change in Euro Import laws in 1992.

Normally £49.95, "Dear Tara" readers can have them for ONLY £4.95 EACH (specify one, two or three).

Dear Tara,

I'm in need of a friend! A real friend to fulfil my every desire, to dress the way I want her to dress, to do everything I want her to do—and to never answer back. I also can't afford an expensive date. Does such a companion exist? **A.D., Hertford**

Dear A.D.,

The life-size inflatable Peggy Doll is the answer to your dreams. A real fun girl, the ultimate stag night present or life-long friend! All the bits you'd expect in full working order.

I can send you the perfect partner for only £14.95, normally £49.95.

Dear Tara,

I get embarrassed using a vibrator because of the noise, but I really need the movement a vibrator supplies to reach orgasm. **M.L., Taunton**

⑦ **Dear M.L.,**

The remarkable 'Squirmy Rooter' is the perfect answer, totally silent, rotating, vibrating, squirming. A remarkably lifelike, soft, yet hard, dildo.

Normally £15.00. ONLY £9.95 to "Dear Tara" readers

Dear Tara,

My problem is simple — I want a bigger, stronger penis. **M.W., Glasgow**

⑧ **Dear M.W.,**

Use a penis developer – I can guarantee immediate results! Working on a vacuum principle, growth is substantial—I guarantee your success. Was £20, now only £4.95.

Dear Tara,

I see loads of magazines for men full of women but what about magazines for women full of men—do they exist! **N.M., Halifax**

③ **Dear N.M.,**

Oh yes indeed! I've put together a selection of four of the hardest, hottest of them for you from America and the continent for only £9.95. Just to be fair I've also got a selection of four of the continent's hardest men's magazines for only £9.95 as well!

Dear Tara,

It's not that I'm unsuccessful with women or anything but I do believe you can't beat the old five fingered knuckle shuffle–I'm 19 and always looking for new ideas–what do you suggest? **B.O.D., London**

④ **Dear B.O.D.,**

Slik Lips, the "Look no Hands" silky smooth pumping masturbation device will blow your mind (and your dick!). Just slip its sucking lips over your bits and your hands are free to do as you want!

Was £14.95, now ONLY £7.95. Earth shattering self satisfaction is yours

☎ **CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE 081-534 8855 (24 hrs)**

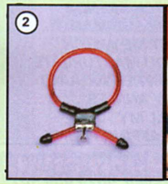
FREE £5 Contact Magazine or 7 inch vibrator with every purchase from one of these shops when carrying this page

①

③

⑤

⑦

②


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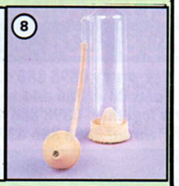

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm). Prices or offers shown are for mail order and callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase.

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*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. *(Off East Parade)* **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Athenaeum Place, Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP22

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

Post to: Dear Tara, Dept MF, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

I enclose Cheque/PO made payable to MODivision for £________

Please send me the following Adult Products:

7inch MASSAGER	£3.75	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£4.80	☐
Multi-Header MASSAGER	£6.50	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£7.55	☐
BIG MAN RING	£3.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£5.00	☐
PEGGY DOLL	£14.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£16.00	☐
AMERICAN MEN'S MAGS FOR LADIES	£9.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£11.00	☐
CONTINENTAL MEN'S MAGS	£9.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£11.00	☐
SLIK LIPS	£7.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£9.00	☐
TARA 'G' SPOT	£6.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£8.00	☐
SQUIRMY ROOTER	£9.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£11.00	☐
UNCERTIFICATED VIDEO(S)	One: £4.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£6.00	☐
Two: £9.90+£1.05 p&p=£10.95 ☐	Three: £14.85	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£15.90	☐
PENIS DEVELOPER	£4.95	+	£1.05 p&p	=	£6.00	☐

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____________________ Postcode ____________________

I am over 18 and fully aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.

____________________ Signed.

1683

No. 1 Scratch & SNIFF!!

ENTERTAINMENT ONLY

NEW EXPERIENCE

JUST DIAL THE EROTIC SUBJECT OF YOUR CHOICE AND SCRATCH THE PICTURE - HEAR, SEE AND SMELL A TOTALLY NEW AND REALISTIC HORNY EXPERIENCE!!!

0338 402 204

Spurt on my breasts
0898 777 910
Tender Titties
0338 402 206
Big Mama will smother you
0338 402 212
Tug on my titties
0898 884 610
Bulging from my basque
0338 402 207

I'll bend over the desk
0898 884 601
Do me doggy style
0338 402 226
Back door deires
0338 402 227
I'm bending over take me!
0338 402 222
I love it from behind!!!
0898 884 613
I love it up my b**
0898 777 908

Pump me hard into me!!
0898 777 913
Solo performance
0898 884 603
Frigged while filing
0338 402 213
Babe in beautiful silky undies
0338 402 211
My panties on your face!
0898 777 900

Fore Finger Fun!!

0338 402 203

GO AROUND THE BACK WAY 0338 402 219

PULL THEM TO ONE SIDE 0338 402 218

PULLED AROUND MY ANKLES 0338 402 223

ON MY KNEES IN FRONT OF YOU 0338 402 228

I'LL TALK DIRTY 'TIL YOU SPURT!! 0338 402 200

PERSONAL ASSISTANT FOR PERSONAL PLEASURE 0338 402 220

D.D. PO BOX [illegible] LONDON, EC1V 9UU. CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. PRG/20/A.

THE CLOSEST REAL SEX FEELING YOU'LL GET

CALL ME ON 0898 884 608

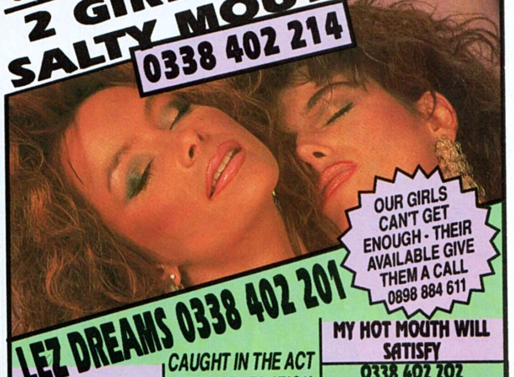
I'LL W*NK YOU OFF
0898 777 905
UNLOAD IN MY MOUTH
0898 777 907
I'M DRESSED TO THRILL YOU
0898 777 912
MY HUSBAND IN MY WEDDING DRESS
0898 777 914
BODY STOCKINGED BABE
0898 884 604
I'LL NIBBLE AROUND THE EDGE
0898 884 607
WHITE PANTIES, TANNED SKIN
0898 884 609
HE WEARS MY STOCKINGS
0898 884 614
MY BEAUTIFUL SEX TOY DOES IT GOOD
0338 402 208
BENT OVER THE FILING CABINET
0338 402 209
I'M CHOKING ON YOUR ROD!
0338 402 210
I LOVE ORAL SEX
0338 402 216
MARRIED TARTS TALK DIRTY
0338 402 217
VOYEURS LINE - DIAL FOR DIRTY DEVIATIONS
0338 402 225
LOLA LAPS IT UP
0338 402 229

TWO GIRL DILDO 0898 884 602

CROTCHLESS BLACK PANTIES 0898 884 600

2 GIRLS WITH SALTY MOUTHS-

0338 402 214



OUR GIRLS CAN'T GET ENOUGH - THEIR AVAILABLE GIVE THEM A CALL 0898 884 611

LEZ DREAMS 0338 402 201

TEENAGE SEX DESIRES
0898 777 901
OLDER NYMPHO LIKES IT FAST & FURIOUS
0898 777 911
I'LL GIVE YOU HAND RELIEF
0898 884 606
MY FINGERS IN MY PANTIES
0898 884 612

CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF MASTURBATION
0898 777 903
DIRTY UNDIES LINE
0898 777 904
PULL TO ONE SIDE & DO ME
0898 777 909
5 KNUCKLE SHUFFLE
0898 777 906
I'LL TALK YOU OFF OVER THE PHONE
0898 884 605

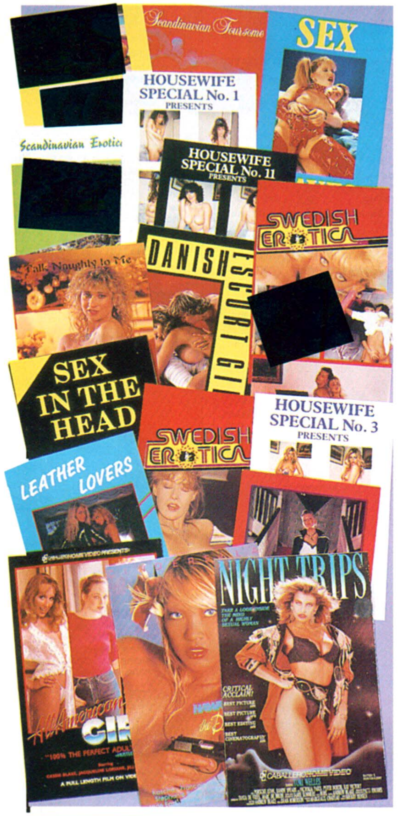
MY HOT MOUTH WILL SATISFY
0338 402 202
THE MOANS & GROANS OF HARD SEX
0338 402 205
HORNY XXX SEX NOISES
0338 402 215
STREETCORNER LESBIANS
0338 402 221
NAUGHTY WIVES GIVE DIRTY PHONE CALLS
0338 402 224
2 GIRLS FINGER ONE ANOTHER
0898 777 902

Fiona Wright's X-Sational Video Super Sale

HOTTEST AND HARDEST AT GIVE-AWAY PRICES

"Just a fraction of Soho Prices"

FIONA VIDEO SALE, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN.



NOW is the ideal time to buy Porno videos, especially if you order from our X–SATIONAL Video Super Sale coupon.

To help get all my favourite sex–mad readers into a really horny mood, I have done a very special deal with the country's largest distributors of hard adult videos.

I can now offer a superb selection of the very best porn videos available in Britain at Prices that will knock your socks off.

These prices are just a fraction of what you would have to pay for exactly the same films in the famous sex shops of Soho.

But be warned: Every film contains explicit scenes of hard sex — nothing is left to the imagination — trust me — I've watched every film and was left wet and wanting — they are Hot 'n' Hard and superb quality.

To make it even easier for you, I've split the films by topics, so just fill in the coupon, save a fortune and have the horniest time of your life!

FIONA has really gone a bit OTT this time. To save from being banned from the news-stands we have had to censor a lot of her copy.

EUROPE'S BEST

DANISH PILLOW TALK

Soho Price ~~£59.95~~
Slashed to only £13.95

FROM the world-famous "Swedish Erotica" studios, excellent full pxxxxxxxxxx hetero sex, splash and "O."

SCANDINAVIAN EROTICA

Soho Price ~~£49.95~~
Slashed to only £9.95

OPEN-AIR, one-on-one and stunning two-on-one — watch the cxx fly. Basic high-quality xxxxxxx.

DANISH ESCORT GIRLS

Soho Price ~~£49.95~~
Slashed to only £9.95

EXCELLENT group, full oxxx, variety, quality, beautiful people — very hard.

GROUP SEX

SCANDINAVIAN FOURSOME

Soho Price ~~£49.95~~
Slashed to only £9.95

FXXXXX, sucxxxx, frixxx everywhere you look —hard action.

WIFE-SWAP ORGY

Soho Price ~~£59.95~~
Slashed to only £12.95

HECTIC, full fxxx shots —a lot of "O" — a little bit messy at times!

SCANDINAVIAN SEX PARTY

Soho Price ~~£69.95~~
Slashed to only £14.95

THREE into one does go! Every oxxxxxx full to the brim — the best sex film I've seen for a long time.

AMERICAN

THE DEADLY GAME

Soho Price ~~£59.95~~
Slashed to only £11.95

KASCHA proves why she's the biggest name in USA porn. Hot fxxxxxxx hetero action.

ALL-AMERICAN GIRLS

Soho Price ~~£59.95~~
Slashed to only £11.95

YOU can't lick these girls — they're too busy licking each other! The hardest lxxxxxx of the year.

NIGHT TRIPS

Soho Price ~~£59.95~~
Slashed to only £11.95

LESBOS, bizarre, hetero, oxxx, group — it's all here — don't miss out.

BEST OF BIZARRE

SEX SLAVES

Soho Price ~~£69.95~~
Slashed to only £17.95

THE Bxxxxxxx scene has 'em all tied up — PVC and leather with a healthy serving of true domxxxxxxx.

LEATHER LOVERS

Soho Price ~~£59.95~~
Slashed to only £14.95

KINKY, or what! The best dress-up film I've seen! PVC, leather, rubber and a bit of uniform sex, too!

SCHEHERAZADE

Soho Price ~~£49.95~~
Slashed to only £9.95

THE classic dxx, Bxxxxxxx, S/M film of our generation. Lovely!

THE BIG "O"

SEX IN THE HEAD

Soho Price ~~£59.95~~
Slashed to only £14.95

NON-STOP, big-boy "O" — Deep, deep action, splashing cxxx everywhere — a classic.

EMMANUELLE'S SILVER TONGUE

Soho Price ~~£59.95~~
Slashed to only £12.95

ANOTHER hard, "Swedish Erotica" special, splashing and gurgling big boys, wet women.

TALK NAUGHTY TO ME

Soho Price ~~£49.95~~
Slashed to only £9.95

TWO-WAY, non-stop oxxx! Talk about a tongue-lashing and tickling your tonsils!!

AMATEURS AT THEIR HOTTEST

NICKY AND SHARON

Soho Price ~~£49.95~~
Slashed to only £9.95

PVC underwear and nurses' uniforms — traditional, high-class, home-made porn.

GAYNOR AND VICKI

Soho Price ~~£49.95~~
Slashed to only £9.95

SUPERB frxxxxxx and fuxxxxx — stars in their own bedroom, no holds barred.

SUE AND VIDA

Soho Price ~~£49.95~~
Slashed to only £9.95

MY mate Vida Garman showing just why she became the star she is — loads of hot, self-pleasuring.

☎ **LESBIANS** talk horny to each other. **0898 884 903**

Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate, 48p a minute at all other times

☎ **CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE**
081-534 8855 (24 hrs)

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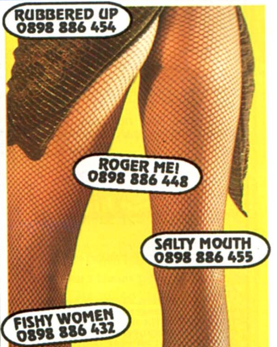

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DEEP IN MY THROAT
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

mouth, and I greedily sucked on her nipples.

I looked down then to see Andrea with a large smile on her face as she pulled down my zip and released my throbbing dick, peeled back my foreskin and then began to run her wet tongue around my shiny bell-end. I gasped as I felt her wet tongue run down the underside of my shaft, then her warm, willing mouth engulfing my cock. As I watched her head bobbing up and down over my crotch, I felt that familiar twitching in my loins. "I'm going to come," I cried, then Andrea pulled my prick out of her mouth and I sprayed an arc of spunk all over her tits. Bernadette moved quickly and began gleefully rubbing and licking the spunk from her friend's breasts.

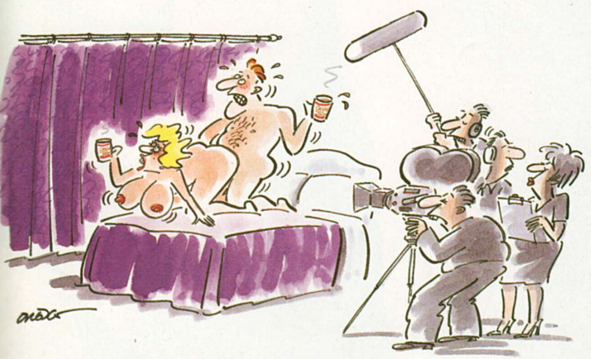
I sat back, my spent cock still twitching, as I marvelled at the sight of these two spunk-hungry women before me, then Andrea turned to me. "You're not finished yet, Pete," she whispered, then Bernadette moved onto the floor on all fours and stuck her bum high in the air, while Andrea sat to one side of her and opened up her pussy lips with her slim fingers. "Now you're going to fuck Bernadette," whispered Andrea, and she guided my dick inside Bernadette's tight pussy.

"Fuck me, Pete," cried Bernadette. "Fuck me nice and hard!" I started thrusting in and out of her, as Andrea reached down between my legs and started rubbing my balls. In no time at all I had a raging hard-on and was penetrating Bernadette as deep as I possibly could; with a little help from Andrea who had her hands on my hips and was pushing me in deeper.

Bernadette was moaning and yelling as I shafted her, and she really lost control when Andrea wriggled underneath her and started licking her clit. Andrea's tongue was lapping at my balls too, and licking Bernadette's juices from my prick each time it withdrew a little from her pussy. With that kind of attention, I could barely keep my come surging up, but I didn't want the incredible feelings to stop!

"I want to watch you spunk all over Bernie!" cried Andrea, fondling my balls. She had been frigging her pussy the whole time as she watched me fuck her girlfriend, and the combination of that snug cunt wrapped around my meat, plus the sight of Andrea's wet fingers plunging in and out of her hot hole drove me crazy. When I couldn't hold back any more Andrea quickly pulled me out and I sprayed my sticky spunk all over Bernadette's bum.

Our filthy session finished with the two girls both lying on the floor in a 69 position, while I took turns to feed my dick into their mouths before we decided it would be much more comfortable continuing our thrilling threesome back at the girls place! — Pete, London Ⓜ



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Very naughty adult video. All tastes catered for. Top quality. Recent release available. Preview tape and catalogue £5.00. By return post or send for catalogue.

To:
Vint, P.O. Box 90 (PR)
Ilford, Essex IG1 1TZ
0831 573079

VICKY HOWARD

Hi, I am a young and very attractive blonde photographic model, with a firm 36c-23-35, I have very explicit erotic striptease videos/photosets of myself and other very attractive sexy girls, or visit me at my own private studio and 'shoot' your own personal video or photos.

★ FREE VIDEOS ★

I'm giving away Free Videos with every order, providing you send for my Sample Video first. So Hurry – offer must end 31st December '92.
Send £15 with 4 first class stamps for a one hour explicit sample video, showing all the young ladies, plus photos/details/lists, or £5 with SAE for sample photos, details/lists to me:

VICKY HOWARD
DEPT MF
PO BOX 162, BRAINTREE,
ESSEX CM7 6UU

9– PHONE LINES

LIVE PHONE SEX
0836 684986

9B– PHOTO SETS

"FULL COLOUR"
200 THAI Pussy
Shots only £10
Send Cash & SAE
PO Box No 17007
2 Archer St.,
Piccadilly,
London W1V 7HE

9C– ITEMS

XXX RED HOT DUTCH – satellite viewing equipment available now – contact crazee marketing 0527 570259.

10– MASSAGE

IMAGINATIVE French masseuse, will reveal your secret fantasies in new apartment. Colette 071-262 2446.

OXFORD CIRCUS Young French masseuse — beautiful figure friendly. 071-491 7448.

FLEUR curvy 38 bust, friendly Italian masseuse, unhurried Mayfair. 071-499 6374.

HEATHROW anywhere massage charming discreet 24 hrs. 081-570 7363/0836 783 230.

LONDON massage Karla silks satins, lace, very feminine blonde, appointments only 071-370 7060. Heathrow also.

TANTALISING blonde model offers erotic massage to discerning genltlemen. 071-706 2185.

FRANCE de Paris.Friendly, massage by a lovely lusty brunette. Brook St. W. 071-629 7569.

MILTON KEYNES area. Discreet brunette. Beautiful country house. Heated pool and sauna. Massage, total relaxation and fun. Hours to suit. Tel: 0831 622169.

FANTASIA for luxurious massage, all tastes catered for. Chester 0244 345 396.

GAIL elegant blonde gives special unhurried massage. SW8 071-622 5364.

OUTRAGEOUS AMY simply the best massage. Central London 081-968 5411.

LEEDS beautiful seductive masseuse offers relaxing sensuous massage. 0532 625 694.

MASSAGE by beautiful English blonde. Hyde Park area. 071-221 5051.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDES visiting massage. London and Heathrow. Tel: 071 381 6852. Credit Cards accepted.

MILTON KEYNES sensual quality massage service for discerting businessmen by stunning blonde. 0908 370 010.

EX-CENTREFOLD 38D, 22, 37. Alice takes you into wonderland massage. 071-370 5673.

MANCHESTER Anna, relaxing massage and bath, refined gentleman 0836 667 660.

TIED and teased, bound to please. 071-224 8457. Dominitrix massage.

YOUNG and wicked, fully equipped massage. 071-370 4625. Mizz Payne.

MAYFAIR MADAM stick bad and lovely massagew. Dusky. 071-409 7383.

HARROGATE private massage for gentlemen. Appointments 0423 569092.

NORTHANTS sensual relaxing massage by new young masseuses. 0933 57222

NEW IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE gorgeous leggy blonde offers discreet leisurely massage. 071 581 1216.

ALEXIS unhurried gentle caring massage. In discreet W2 apartment. 071-727 2652.

BRAZILIA'S sensual body massage. 081-563 0752.

BEAUTIFUL intelligent European visiting ecorting. 7 days. 2pm-2am. Tel: 021 327 0381.

MASSAGE by phone. A truly erotic experience. 0836 684 986.

LIPSTICK for that secret and initimate live phone affair. 0836 685 159.

BIRMINGHAM massage. Ehera! Genuinely lovely, leggy and happy. 021-456 5342.

BRAUTIFUL Anglo-Indian gives gentle but firm fantasy massage. 071-724 6574.

BIRMINGHAM leggy, attractive redhead offers massage in opulent surroundings. Visits available. Kate 021-643 3517.

YORKSHIRE Executive, sensual massage by classy lady. Video lounge. 0836 691 822.

HEATHROW Gatwick, visiting massage. 24 hrs. C.C.'s Call pamela. 0831 865 656.

DEVASTING dame with dynamic dimensions does delightfully demonstrative massage. 49"-29"-42". 081-748 5569.

DANISH TOUCH blonde, elegant, shapely masseuse from Denmark will pamper you. 071 823 4522.

TAMARA beautiful sexy warm Filipino gives sensual supreme massage. 071-243 3284.

13– SERVICES

RENT-A-MAIL box, 114 Burley Rd., Leeds LS3 1JP Leeds 435765.

17– PERSONAL SERVICES

BIG lady, into black leather, etc, wants man to dominate. Dial immediately on 0338 403 711.

ORAL satisfaction, anytime, anywhere. 0338 403 712.

TWO horny young girls love to model naughty underwear, lingerie lovers dial 0338 403 713 and join us in some steamy action.

BLOW JOB 0338 403 714.

FEMALE sales rep travelling through England seeks men for evening pleasures. Dial 0338 403 715.

INDIAN girl seeks steamy affair. Married so must be discreet. 0338 403 716.

HORNY married women want to satisfy their desires with you. 0338 403 717.

NYMPHO wants to meet someone who can really satisfy. One man has never been enough, call me on 0338 403 718.

GYM teacher will order you to bend down for a severe thrashing if you do not do exactly as you are told. 0338 403 719.

DESPERATE Divorcee, late twenties. Give me something rock hard and throbbing. 0338 403 720.

PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0338 403 721.

NYMPHO wants sex. Call now. 0338 403 722.

EXTREMELY large, mature lady, wants to satisfy you. 0338 403 723.

VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breaks like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knickers. Genuine applications only dial 0338 403 724.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0338 403 725.

GIRL good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0338 403 726.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0338 403 727.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0338 403 728.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0338 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0338 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to act out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0338 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0338 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdos. I want to try everything. Phone 0338 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0338 403 734.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0338 403 735.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only, phone 0338 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29(, understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0338 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0338 403 738.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0338 403 739.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0338 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them, if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only 0338 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0338 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytime on 0338 403 743.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex and mutual satisfaction. Ring 0338 403 744.

LESBIAN couple who may be bisexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0338 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0338 403 746.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and caned. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0338 403 747.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0338 403 748.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0338 403 749.

Lines are for entertainment only and messages may change from advertised. Supplied by First Step Productions. P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 36p per min. cheap. 48p per min. other times.

LISTEN IN TO SEX TALK

Why listen to some bird reading when you can listen in to genuine sex talk from sex talk lines!

REAL HARD TALKERS
0898 442 012
LESBIAN LINES
0898 442 013
DOMINATION
0898 442 014

CUM ALL OVER ME!

0898 300 850

Genuine Hard Sex Talk by Girls who do it for pleasure only. - No Credit Cards.

or just listen on
0898 442 015

GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 717
(Recorded live on the job!)

SEX TALK-AND-LISTEN

HERE ME SHAVE
0898 362 671

DOGGY TALK
0898 362 694

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898 442 711

LISTEN TO SEX SCREAM
0898 362 550

2 GIRLS FIGHT FOR 1 DILDO
0898 442 017
INSIDE MY PANTIES
0898 442 018
TRY A ROUGH & HARD RIDE GO
0898 442 019
DO WHAT YOU LIKE TO ME
0898 442 020

SPECIAL
MEET THE SEX TALK GIRLS AT YOUR PLACE!
0898 442 170 &
0898 700 306
WHAT THEY DO

I TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 442 016

ALSO:
18 year old
0898 100 401
Older Woman
0898 100 402
Domination Talk
0898 100 412
Meet Us!
0898 100 451

DOMINATE ME, DO ME ANYTHING NOW
0898 442 779

SPECIALS

DIRTY NOISES	0898 100 452
SEX YELLS	0898 100 454
HARD SHAVE	0898 100 455
YARD DOG	0898 100 472

RIP OFF MY CLOTHES

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG., P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

FREE*
OUR ONE HOUR SEX VIDEO

0898 442 737 [24HRS] TO ORDER

The girls will ask you for a reference No. Quote the Reference ADXX

WHY CAN WE GIVE YOU A FREE VIDEO ??

1. OUR FILMS ARE SO GOOD WE KNOW YOU WILL ORDER MORE.
2. IT IS COPYRIGHT FREE SO YOU ARE ALLOWED TO MAKE COPIES TO SELL TO THE PUBS & CLUBS. (WHICH IS MORE ADVERTISING FOR US THANKS)
3. THE VIDEO IS 25% ADVERTISING FOR ADULT GOODS & YOU ARE BOUND TO WANT TO BUY SOMETHING.
4. A GLOSSY CATALOGUE COSTS AS MUCH TO PRINT AS RUNNING OFF COPIES OF OUR ADULT PROMOTION VIDEO'S - so we arn't giving much away are we?
5. BY DIALLING AN 0898 No THE GIRLS CAN TALK DIRTY IF YOU WANT.
IF YOU DONT LIKE THE THING - KEEP IT AS A BLANK FOR YOURSELF AND FORGET IT!

NOTE : YOU MUST ORDER BY PHONE SO WE CAN TELL FROM YOUR VOICE THAT YOU ARE OVER 18 WE ARE NOT TAKING RISKS BY SENDING THESE OUT ON A COUPON..
* NOTE - You do have to pay the call charges charged

ADULT PROMOTIONS , P. O . BOX 242 , LONDON SW15 2RJ Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate and 48p per min at all other times

---

RELIEF LINE
Run by women
for men
only

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!
0898 442
183
LIVE DIAL
Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours
"YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE CALL. NO CREDIT CARDS.

WE CAN ARRANGE A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA TOO. Dial
0898
442 755

LIVE
0272
227721

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 002

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way.
Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 362 575

WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

Nympho talking to XXXX	0898 442 742
Older Woman	0898 362 574
19 Year Old & 20 Year Old	0898 362 581
Two Girl Special	0898 442 777
Lesbian Talking to Lesbian	0898 442 760
Gay talking to Gay	0898 442 198
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp	0898 442 187
TV Talking to Older Woman	0898 442 751
General Listening Line	0898 442 756

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 775
STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

DO IT TO ME

OVER THE PHONE

0898 442 758

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY
442 186
LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN
442 746
BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP
442 759
GENERAL SEX LINE
442 741

NO nonsense
NO run around

Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure

0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!

0898
362 556
If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours

SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt, No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN
0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

BE WARNED!

TOTALLY EXPLICIT SEX LINES FOR YOUR OWN PRIVATE SATISFACTION!

* * * * * *

Shaven Girls Exploit Well Blessed Virile Male Hair Raising Details
0898 100 479

Rings on Her Nipples and on Her . . . Just Ring
0898 100 467
for Kinky Details

Wet, Slippery and Vibrant!
0898 700 315

Straight Horny Talk
0898 100 478

* * * * * *

Personal Classified

[redacted] Needs a Cream Filler – Just Listen!
0898 100 489

One Bedroom Flat, room for 6 Men. Ring Jenny on
0898 100 482

Large Vibrator, used only once, will exchange for the real thing. Ring Margaret on
0898 100 484

Two Girls Seeking Another Girl for Pleasure
0898 100 423

Busty nympho guarantees oral satisfaction
0898 100 469

Bored, Frustrated Housewife Up for Grabs
0898 100 475

Big Busted Gal Seeks Well Endowed Man (Thruster)
0898 100 430

Susan – Not just another Phone Call but another Super Climax! (Handy)
0898 100 474

NAMES AND NUMBERS OF TOP GLAMOUR MODELS NEVER BEFORE REVEALED!
0898 100 421

ANNE'S SEX CLUB HAS (BIG OPENING!) FOR 4 MORE GUYS	0898 100 480
GENUINE GUY SEEKS RELATIONSHIP WITH ANOTHER GUY	0898 700 362
FUN GIRL REQUIRES GIRLFRIEND FOR DOUBLE ENDED VIBRATOR	0898 100 485
VIRGIN NEEDS SYMPATHETIC MALE MEMBER – RING ANGELICA ON	0898 100 407
SEX IN THE SUPERMARKET SHE JUST DOESN'T CARE WHERE	0898 100 477
DEBBIE & CLARE – SPEAK TO TWO GIRLS WITH JUST ONE CALL	0898 700 349
ANABELLE PUTS THE PHONE IN HER MOUTH – JUST LISTEN!	0898 100 459
SUCK LINE FOR PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T GIVE A TOSS!	0898 100 464
JUST USE YOUR HAND AND EAR FOR SATISFACTION	0898 100 415

I'm Waiting Obscene Sex! Girl Tells All	0898 100 468
Nervous Girl Tells of Her First Encounters!	0898 100 409
Extreme Sex! All Fantasies Exploited	0898 100 422
Annie with a Pouting... Too Obscene for Words	0898 700 332

BELINDA'S STIFF TALK!	0898 100 458	ANN TAKES THREE	0898 100 463
JAM & WHITE CUSTARD	0898 700 322	FULL ORGASMIC GROANS	0898 700 334
LACED UP TO THRILL	0898 100 419	CREAM SPLIT	0898 100 488
CUCUMBER & KY!	0898 100 440	HOT, THICK & STEAMY	0898 100 441
TRACEY'S FINGER MUFF	0898 100 491	* * * *	

HOW TO USE YOUR PHONE AS A SEX TOOL!
Just Listen and then Play!
0898 700 316

FREE SEX VIDEOS
JUST RING
0225 751030

Two Girls, Two Tongues
0898 100 486

Personal Panty Line	0898 100 456
The No 'Wind Ups' Super Climax Line	0898 100 476
Adult Photos Described in Detail, Ring	0898 700 361

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG LTD P.O.BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

18-22 YR OLD GIRLS

Teach Me Please (19)
0898 442 091
18 and Randy
0898 442 120
Let Me Stroke It! (18)
0898 442 141
College Girls (18-22)
0898 442 199
Young and Sticky (19)
0898 442 092

YOUNG GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW!

SEX NOISES

WE GOT THEM TO DO THE BUSINESS AND GOT THE MICROPHONE IN VERY CLOSE

2 Lesbians / 1 Dildo 0898 442 093
2 Gays / 1 Bar of Soap 0898 442 181
Young Girl / Older Man 0898 442 144
SEXUAL NOISES 0898 442 160
Straight Masturbation 0898 442 121

WE MADE THEM LIVE

SEX LINES AND SEX TALK

SEX DATES TONIGHT !

JUST A SAMPLE OF OUR
SEX DAY GIRLS

LONDON - Mary likes it doggy fashion - **0898 442 195**
SCOT - Judy sucks you dry anytime - **0898 442 139**
N.E. Sarah licks you all over and sits on your face - **0898 442 094**
S.E. Pat is into T.V. dressing Bizzare - **0898 700 302**
S.W. Lesley likes it hard and rough - **0898 700 350**

ALL CALLERS CAN ACCESS OUR GIRLS ON A FIND A SEX CONTACT PERMUTATION IN YOUR AREA SO DIAL NOW!

TALK FILTHY TO ME While I do it
0898 300 880

DIAL HER NOW

SEX TALK GIRLS

(NO CREDIT CARDS)
081 871 2181 for FREE LIVE ONE TO ONE
SEX CHAT

TAMMY- into doggy talk and does it- **0898 700 331**
JANE (18) does it while you do it **0898 700 335**
JACKIE- likes to make the noises while she does it - **0898 700 337**
PATTY (49) likes men with no experience **0898 700 382**
STUDENT- likes discreet sex talk and more **0898 300 869**
GAY- likes to talk and meet in secret - **0898 300 863**
LESBIAN-likes to talk and go with men or couples - **0898 300 858**
COUPLES ONLY- **0898 300 856**

I'LL HOLD YOUR BALLS 0898 300 852 & I'LL SUCK THEM 0898 300 849

SEX CONTACTS 0225 751030 IMMEDIATE SERVICE
NOTE 0225 IS STANDARD RATE NOT 0898

LISTEN IN TO SEX CHATTERS !

STRICTLY ADULT

WE TAPE RECORD HARD CORE SEX CHAT LINES SO YOU CAN HEAR THEM !

STRAIGHT SEX	0898 300 848
LESBIAN LINES	0898 700 385
GAY LINES	0898 300 846
DOMINATION	0898 700 386
SUBMISSION	0898 300 841
BIZZARE	0898 700 394

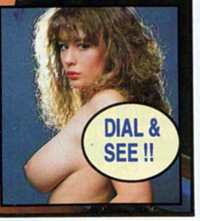
WE DIDN'T Know they were doing it and we do not care anyway!!

BOTTOM FETISHES

RUDE FETISH !
0898 700 395
PERFECT PERT REAR
0898 300 842
MY BIG BUM !
0898 300 844
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0898 300 845

BOOBS

SQUEEZE THEM FOR ME!
0898 442 085
READY TO BE LICKED
0898 442 086
COME BETWEEN MY TITS
0898 442 087



DIAL & SEE !!

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
S.T.G.P.O. BOX 242 LONDON SW15 2RJ

LIVE ONE TO ONE
SEX CHAT

FREE

WHEN YOU DIAL

081-871-2181

(ORDINARY TELECOM RATES)

HOW CAN WE DO ONE FREE?

EASY! 75% of our 'first time' sex chatters come back for more and then we make money on the knock on business by charging £5.00 per fifteen minute chat after the free one.

NOTE: When the sex chat girls answer the phone they will ask you for a reference number. If you have not got one the girls will allocate you one straight away - its all done on security and trust, with no trace back to you - that's how we got big!

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 300 840

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way.
Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

Dial now for phone fun!

LISTEN IN!

A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to the talking and if they give us permission you can hear them

0898 442 769

RANDOM DROP IN ACCESS NUMBER -24HRS

If you want some other 0898 numbers to dial our girls can give you some and they are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times. Freechat, 56 Waterloo St., Leeds LS1 2EE.